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NEW STATESMAN

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South Africa's Sticky Wicket

'I would like to appeal to the press in this country – after all most of us are cricket lovers – to look into this matter very carefully and not to spare the rod if we are guilty . . .'

Thus Dr Carel de Wet, the South African Ambassador in London, on the steps of the Foreign Office last Tuesday afternoon – effectively, as it now must seem, preparing a rod for his own back. After the mixture of braggadocio and bluster with which the South African embassy chose to greet the *Guardian*'s resourceful piece of detective work, the last thing it can have been prepared for was a further piece of accusation in the same area. But new, if totally unsubstantiated, allegations have now come from Mr Frederick Cheeseman – with his weird account of his trip to Pretoria two years ago and the dossiers he claims he saw there in the office of a member of BOSS. Even as a 'cricket lover' Dr de Wet has some explaining to do.

It is now more than two months since Sir Harold Wilson made his original allegations of a 'strong South African participation' in the events that finally led up to the downfall of Mr Jeremy Thorpe as leader of the Liberal Party. The then Prime Minister was, however, at pains to insist (twice) that he had 'no evidence at all' that the 'South African Government or its agencies or agents have any connection with these unsavoury activities'. It is beginning increasingly to look as if Sir Harold, for once, erred on the side of charity: certainly no sooner had he repeated his allegations at a Press Gallery lunch last week than the *Guardian* supplied him with the link that even he does not seem to have foreseen. Sir Harold's 'underground organisation' with its 'massive reserves of business money' turns out to have had at least one surface worker, Mr Russouw, within South Africa House itself. True, that 'surface worker', with his cover neatly blown by the *Guardian*, has now been sent hurriedly home in the wake of a lame (and revealing?) excuse that he was not a professional diplomat but merely an 'officer on secondment' anyway. Not even Dr de Wet, can believe that stumps can be drawn with the issue left hanging in this way.

Even before the emergence of the strange new witness, Mr Cheeseman, South Africa's entire credibility on the whole question was effectively destroyed. The transcript of the tape recording of the conversation between Mr Russouw, and the *Guardian*'s reporter Mr Hillmore, may have contained '23 separate denials' of the South African Government's having any *official* interest in the alleged film that is said to feature a prominent Liberal MP: it also, however, included at least five separate manifestations of *private* interest on Mr Russouw's part in seeing such a film – right up to the point of two veiled inquiries as to how much it would cost. Nor, for all the glib patter of the South African Director of Information, Mr Chris de Walt, has the South African Government got even remotely near to answering the questions the *Guardian* asked. What was a diplomat doing soliciting a visit from an ex-Borstal boy to a foreign embassy and then meeting him in diplomatic territory on two separate occasions? Who were the two men who, calling at the boy's home in London, left there Mr Russouw's telephone number? Do South African diplomats hand out £5 and five packets of Marlboroughs to everyone who calls in on them from the street? Why, above all, was Mr Russouw so ready, and indeed eager, to see the boy again even as recently as Thursday of last week?

It is regrettably true that the sharpness and relevance of these questions has been, to some degree, blunted by the typically ungenerous reaction of the rest of the press to the *Guardian*'s coup. This is no time for that 'campaigning newspaper', the *Daily Mail*, to be producing the old sweats' Fleet Street routine about the boy having tried to sell his story before and 'experienced reporters' having decided that he was 'unreliable' – or, indeed, for the *News of the World*, which had two bites at the same story itself and botched both of them, to be offering its readers merely the taste of sour grapes. Such reactions merely play Dr de Wet's game for him – and whatever game that may ultimately turn out to have been, it is already plain that it is not, and never has been, cricket.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Hedgehogs and Wet Lettuce

The most exciting idea of the week came from David Steel, who suggested in Monday's *Times* that MPs should be forced to register, along with their business interests, their past vices. This would certainly eliminate the possibility of blackmail, but the Steel proposal does not go far enough. I should like to see a complete register of sexual interests (past and present *affaires*, tastes, preferences) for MPs of all parties; and to that end I have begun bombarding politicians with the question – 'What is your favourite sexual perversion?' The response rate has not been very good so far – the only honest reply, from a Member of any quality or weight, was given by William van Straubenzee. 'Hedgehogs,' he replied, 'tightly curled hedgehogs – they present such a challenge.' Gerald Kaufman, whom I would have associated with the more expensive kinds of soft Italian leather, listed his chief kink as 'Points of Order' – a clear evasion. You can tell what the Scot Nats enjoy from the way they absently wear wellington boots, even during drought. I haven't got round to the Liberals yet, but I will do so. I hope to produce a complete list.

Because it would be useful – wouldn't it? – to know that Sally Oppenheim enjoyed being pelted with wet lettuce, or that Margaret Thatcher went to Mazola parties. It would be interesting to know what puts the gleam in Tony Benn's eye, and what it is that he finds so attractive about Jim Callaghan. For the story that's too hot for Fleet Street, in Benn's view, is that Benn and Callaghan are getting on famously; and, if the expression 'strange bedfellows' can be used nowadays without fear of a writ, what could be stranger than the Tribune of the People shacking up with old Mr Fixit?

In the Commons tea-room, Callaghan recently told an MP: 'I'm just a nasty right-winger – ha-ha-ha.' Quite so. His method of government, at least in the view of the Left, is through patronage and placement. In his campaign for the leadership, he relied on public aloofness and private manipulation. He was completely innocent of any ideological taint. The attraction was supposed to be that, after the manner of Sir Harold, he could hold things together – the parliamentary party, the unions, the party in the country at large. Whereas the Benn campaign was supposed to be about issues – democracy and participation, a greater role for backbenchers. The cynics said at the time that Benn was on a hiding to nothing since what he was offering (more work for MPs) was precisely what most Members could do without. In the event Benn did very well; but it was not particularly noticed that, while he supported the candidature of Michael Foot, he was able very quickly to come to terms with the new leader.

One clue to this lies in Benn's relief at the departure of Wilson. Benn considered Wilson to be a schemer. He said one thing to conference, another to the cabinet, another to the NEC. He hated the party. On the day after Callaghan's election, Benn told a colleague (for whom he had unsuccessfully attempted to get a government job) how much easier it was going to be, working with Jim. He seems to believe that Callaghan is more straightforward – so that even if Benn's own preferred policies are blocked in cabinet, they are, as it were, honestly blocked. Besides, Benn had been very angry at Wilson when he lost responsibility for oil, and now he's got it back, and is in the pleasant position of being able to announce all the good news, while Denis Healey announces the bad news, he's a generally happier man. In retrospect, then, one might say that Wilson's vaunted capacity for holding the party together was not as spectacular as all that.

But the Left are not happy with Benn, and some instinctive suspicions have been aroused by his recent behaviour. He is not, after all, of the old *Tribune* stock. Unlike Eric Heffer he does not have his joiner's tools waiting at home, for the time when he might see fit to leave public life. He would not, like Cincinnatus, return to his plough. He doesn't have a plough. The only way forward for a man like Benn is to move upward. So there has been talk, half-serious talk, of some deal with Callaghan along the lines of 'Look here Tony, you know I'm not long for this world, and I'm not promising anything but, if you play your cards right . . .' with of course the added proviso that 'If you don't play your cards right, you know very well that you'll not get anywhere.' It is being said that Benn, having perceived that one can get only so far as a popular outsider, has decided to go in for a final canter on the inside stretch.

Whether this is fair or not, it does at least appear that Benn has found a way of calling himself to order. After his abstention on the public expenditure issue in the NEC, for which he was publicly rebuked by Callaghan, came last week's barber-shop duo, a charming little number in close harmony. Both Callaghan and Benn came along with prepared statements, which were immediately afterwards released to the press. Both called for closer cooperation between the Government and the NEC, and Benn himself made some specific proposals as to how this might be achieved. He asked that ministers not on the NEC should be allowed to come along and address the NEC and speak at conference in order to defend their point of view. In other words, he was asking for a greater role for senior ministers such as Healey (who is not on the NEC) in the formulation of Labour Party policy.

At the same meeting the Left lost out on both the issue of import controls and the proposed increases in public expenditure. The latter issue is not perhaps very important: it is privately admitted that the proposals were somewhat unrealistic. But the question of import controls is different. It has been put to Benn that they were not merely designed as part of a package – they were the ratchet for the whole of the rest of the proposals, which, without them, will make no sense. Benn admits that he is not really an economist. He is more interested in institutions, in participation at all levels of government. He sees the achievement of the present Administration as being one of involvement – for instance, in the co-operation between the TUC and the Chancellor over the Budget. Once you have instituted such systems of co-operation, he believes, then nobody can go back on them. What is more, these are precisely the sort of things that a government can do in times of slump. A reform of the institutions costs nothing – it does not affect the borrowing requirements. The fact that the standard of living is going down does not prevent, it aids the implementation of Bennery. Whereas in times of boom, Benn believes that socialism tends to be dropped from the agenda. Those who should press for it are bought off.

To Benn's friends in the Commons, this talk of participation is out of place; just because Callaghan and Healey have got together with Jack Jones and a few others, and fixed up a deal, it does not mean that democracy has been extended. Listen to what Callaghan told the NEC last week: '. . . I must make it clear that the Government's overall economic and financial strategy remains as announced by myself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.' Precisely that and no more. Strategies are announced. Neither the PLP, nor the NEC, can do anything about a *fait accompli*. And the Left in the Commons is worried that the Government has been less than frank with the TUC, that the unions have been sold a pup. Further cuts in public expenditure are expected, as inflation fails to reduce at the rate predicted by the Treasury. By the end of the year, the unions are going to feel pretty sick about the whole deal – sick about Callaghan, sick about Healey, sick about the Social Contract. Sick about Benn? Well no – that's the strength of Benn's position, despite his unfortunate affair with Callaghan, which the public, surely, will be prepared to overlook.

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Alexander Cockburn

Back from the Morgue

It is a sign of the general pessimism about Gerald Ford's intrinsic appeal to the voters that many of his own supporters feared that he would actually lose the primary in his home state last Tuesday. The sight of him and Mrs Ford trundling along the railroad tracks of Michigan in a caboose did nothing much to dispel this sense of unease, indeed increased the feeling of many Americans that if Richard Nixon was overweening in the Imperial Presidency Ford underweens and constantly commits acts of *lèse-majesté* against the very office whose dignity he was ment to refurbish.

Of course, Ford did beat Reagan convincingly in Michigan. He thus managed to stay the transition of his candidacy from intensive care unit to the morgue. He remains in a fairly parlous condition. Reagan still has a larger number of delegates and will win more in the primaries to come. Ford will thrash to and fro across the continent, now cocking an eye at Rockefeller who commands a potentially crucial group of delegates from New York, now lunging towards the ultra-right in the Far West.

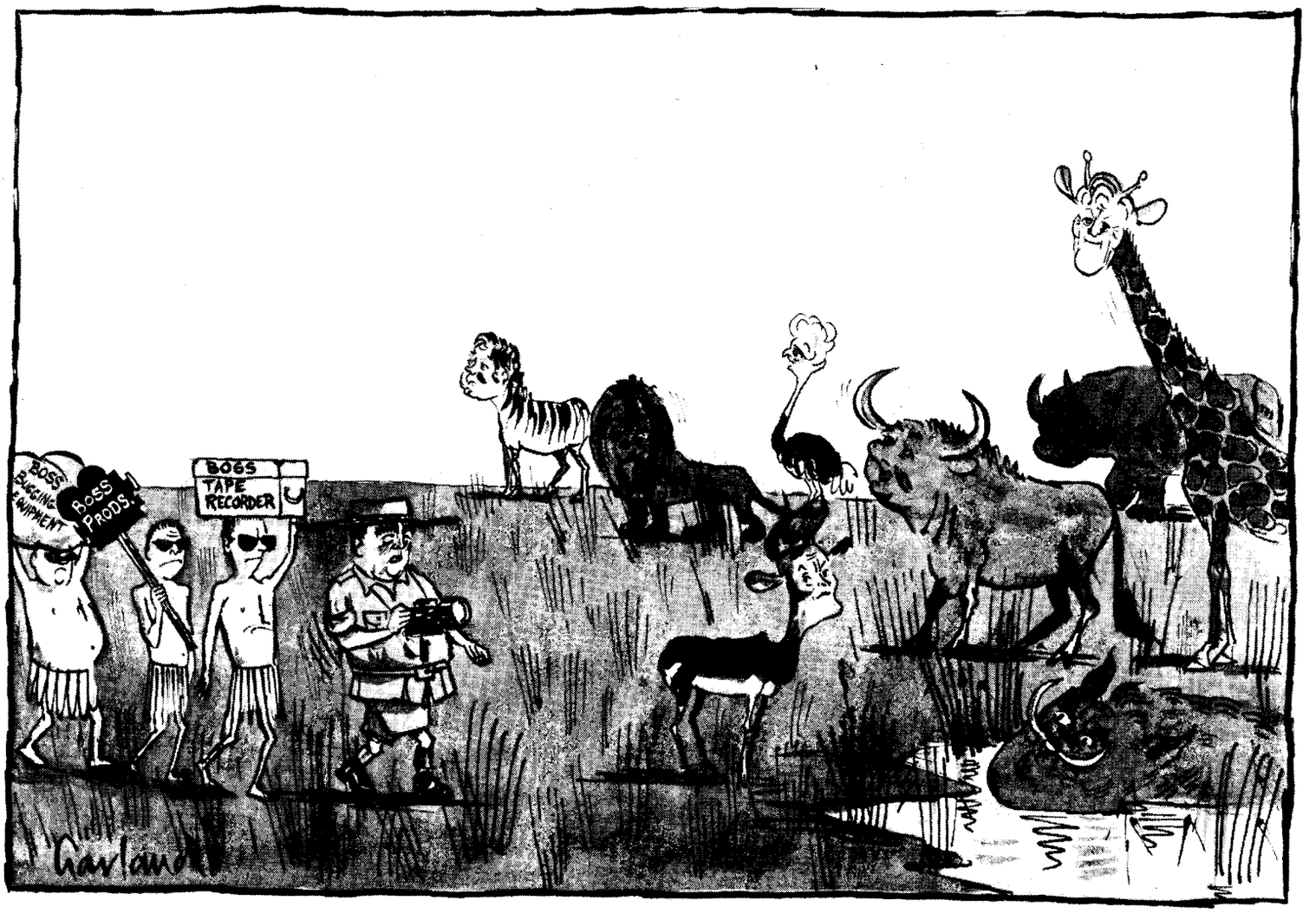
How is it, even given the respite of Michigan, that he has fared so badly? Contemplated rapidly, at moments widely separated in time, it is just possible to feel some genial sense of tolerance for Gerald Ford. Richard Nixon once said plaintively that he was not a crook. Ford has the useful asset of not looking like one. Only one cartoonist – David Levine – has actually managed to make him look shifty. It is true that Ford is constantly bashing his head in doorways and occasionally tumbling to earth in a tangle of arms, legs and Secret Servicemen. But such are not really the sort of mishaps to lose him too many votes and indeed they may confer on him a favourable image of wholesomeness, however maladroit. He has, in addition, the advantage of being married to Betty Ford, one of the more tolerable political personalities around.

President Ford's assets, though, more or less end there. Less desultory inspection reveals a person of constricted, ignoble political instincts and performance. His political philosophy is exactly akin to that of Ronald Reagan. His problem is that he lacks Reagan's fluency in their shared political idiom and is restrained from the latter's wilder flights of demagoguery by the fact that he is presently ensconced in the White House.

The very need that Ronald Reagan has felt to make the Panama Canal into a crusade indicates how little space Ford has left him for manoeuvre on the right-wing issues. And the fact that Senator Barry Goldwater, while declaredly maintaining a neutral stance (perhaps in some fantasy that a brokered Republican convention may even turn to him), has tended to support Ford similarly discloses Ford's political identity.

Thus many Republican voters do not see the Ford/Reagan battle in the manner recommended by liberal editorialists who present the affair as something of a stand-off between sanity and madness. These voters see Ford as a third-rate appointee of small political vitality, and Reagan as a successful two-term Governor of California whose conservative philosophy is clearly and rousingly expressed. The possibility that many uncommitted as well as Democratic voters may feel that Reagan will simply blow up the world is not as yet very publicly on the agenda – except among powerful Republicans despairing of him and Ford and brooding about John Connally or even Elliot Richardson.

The one thing one can safely say about the present Governor of California, Jerry Brown, is that his political philosophy is not at all apparent. As he said a while back: 'We must go Right and Left at the



Big game

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same time.' His calls for full employment, buttressed by federal spending, and also for 'planetary realism', underpinned by a general lowering of expectations, have been a joy to hear. But with such ambivalent rhetoric he routed Jimmy Carter in Maryland last Tuesday. With the exception of small rural communities he outstripped Carter among all the groups where the latter has previously prospered: Blacks, blue-collar workers as well as the young and the middle class. With a 'beauty contest' victory behind him Brown will now be looking for delegates in New Jersey and Nevada among other states, as well as driving for a big win in California on 8 June.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Carter's sweep towards the nomination has as yet been deeply damaged. If poor Mo Udall had done what he so nearly did in Wisconsin and had actually beaten Carter in Michigan last Tuesday night instead of running him once again a close second, Carter would have been in bad trouble. As it is, Carter has now been beaten by Frank Church in Nebraska as well as by Brown in Maryland. He can look forward to defeats by either of these two gentlemen in Oregon, in Nevada, in California as well as in a number of other small states. All of which allows chat to continue about a brokered convention, smoke-filled rooms, shouts for Hubert Humphrey on the second ballot and Teddy Kennedy on the third.

Distant, still improbable vistas: but the present significance of these reverses for Carter is that it is becoming clear that quite a large slice of the Democratic voters continue to view him with deep suspicion, that the orderly unification of the Democratic Party behind him is not the inevitability so widely acknowledged after his rout of Jackson and Udall in Pennsylvania. After that victory Carter let it be known that he would spend less time on the campaign trail, would sit at home organising the transition of power; promising the vice-presidency to John Glenn, Adlai Stevenson, Fritz Mondale, Peter Rondino and Birch Bayh; reading the position papers of Harvard intellectuals hastening south in search of employment. In short, he was going to do something apparently beyond the powers of Gerald Ford and become presidential. As Vespasian said on his deathbed: 'Vae puto, deus fio' ('Woe is me, I think I am becoming a god'). Many newspapers caught the mood and began treating him virtually as the President-elect. One correspondent even called him 'patrician'.

But instead of rising above the fray, Carter fell right back into it. He got into some unseemly name-calling, ill-befitting an over-dog, with Mo Udall in Michigan and made querulous noises about Jerry Brown's alliance with the political bosses of Maryland (freely acknowledged to be among the most corrupt in the United States) to stop his progress to the nomination. Simultaneously with such politicking, the religious issue has continued to preserve a firm grip on public attention. A couple of weeks ago Bill Moyers, once an aide to Lyndon Johnson, conducted an hour-long interview with Carter on television. Moyers, himself a Baptist, questioned Carter closely on his religious proclivities. 'How do you know God's will?' 'Well,' said Carter comfortably, 'I pray frequently, not continually, but many times a day. When I have a sense of peace and just self-assurance – I don't know where it comes from – that what I am doing is the right thing, I assume, maybe in an unwarranted way, that that's doing God's will.' On and on went the alarming colloquy. Carter spoke modestly of his experience of being reborn, his lack of doubt about God or himself. It became plain that Carter does regard himself as an agent of the Almighty and one – though he tactfully denied it – who has received the highest endorsement of all.

Earlier on in the campaign Carter's frequently stated religious convictions were not greatly stressed in the newspapers and on television. They were taken more as inevitable additives to his particular *spiel* about the need for trust and honesty and about the love and compassion of the American people. But, since his religious attitudes are precisely the attitudes about which Carter has been most forthright, it is inevitable that people have been ruminating on them more deeply. This week one reputable political columnist debated seriously whether Jews would be able to bring themselves to vote in large numbers for someone boasting of a religious affiliation contaminated in the past by anti-Semitism and bigotry. Gliding through all mundane issues, Carter is now left with one issue on which he has never equivocated.

This is why all those distressed by the growing tedium of the campaign attend with such eagerness to the rise of Jerry Brown. Carter easily disposed of Jackson, Bayh, Shriver, even the earthling Udall early in the campaign. Now Brown, a former Jesuit noted for his interest in oriental spiritual procedures, and endowed with cultivated Zen insousiance, has come bounding out of the West. The battling Baptist versus the Sufi Sophist: already, as we crawl towards the convention many are pondering the clash – and diverting themselves by asking which would be the lesser of the two evils. The great debate may yet be conducted on the religious plane – no great loss, given what has been happening so far this year.

New York

Dev Murarka

All Brezhnev's Men Now

It is easy to sneer at Brezhnev as a Marshal of the Soviet Union. Too easy. The temptation should be resisted. It is not after all as if Mr Brezhnev woke up one fine morning and decided to bestow upon himself the title of 'Marshal'. Even in the Soviet Union, where power at the top is untrammelled by fear of public censure, things do not happen that way. No one, least of all perhaps Brezhnev himself, can have any illusions that it will add to his popularity. His popularity, such as it was, has already been a victim of the cult of personality which surrounds his name. Predictably, the Soviet public's reaction to the announcement, combined with the inauguration of the Marshal's bronze bust at his birth-place in Dneprodezerzhinsk, has been one of astonishment followed by ironic smiles. Speculation has been at the mundane level of the size of a Marshal's life-time pension which, according to some, is larger than a retired leader's. Others dispute this. And of course there is always the theory much espoused by imaginative Kremlinologists abroad and their paler, domestic variety, that the whole thing represents a farewell accolade for Brezhnev.

One misunderstanding should be cleared up straightaway. Far from denoting the beginning of the end of Brezhnev's power, the episode shows the solid base on which he stands. The title, conferred as originally planned on his 70th birthday in December, would have been a token of honour. Conferred now, its meaning and importance have been transformed.

The roots of this episode lie in the relationship between the late Marshal Grechko and Brezhnev. Grechko's succession has been determined. It was never a secret that friendship between Brezhnev and Grechko was the main reason why Dmitry Ustinov was passed over in 1967 when Grechko was made Defence Minister following the death of Marshal Malinovsky. As a friend, Grechko was loyal to Brezhnev. But the more loyal friends are, the more awkward they can sometimes be. And, in his late years, Grechko tempered his ties with Brezhnev by performing only too well his task as a spokesman for the military's interests inside the Politburo. On crucial occasions he blocked Brezhnev's concessions to the Americans on strategic arms, and, since he was a loyal friend, Brezhnev had to defer to his advice. Nevertheless, Grechko was treading upon one of the most cherished sources of Brezhnev's power, the supremacy of the Party over the army. Grechko, of course, was not a rebel. He took his stand on his expertise as a military commander and carried the Politburo with him. With his death, therefore, it became imperative for Brezhnev to find a man who would satisfy the Generals as well as ensure the Party's authority over them. He acted fast, not allowing time for a consensus among the military brass to emerge around a candidate; and within four days of Grechko's death, on the very day his funeral took place, had the announcement made of Ustinov's appointment as Defence Minister.

Ustinov can hardly be described as Brezhnev's man, though in a sense they are all Brezhnev's men now. It is true that Ustinov owes his present position to him. But it is worth noting that Ustinov is one of only two members of the ruling Politburo who rose to fame during the war years as a young technocrat under Stalin. The other

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one is Prime Minister Kosygin. And the residual glamour and respect attached to them, as against *political* figures under Stalin, is something which is as hard to define as it is difficult to ignore. Moreover, Ustinov, under different nomenclatures, has continued to perform the same job which he did during the war years – arms production. And, if the army brass were not to have one of their own ranks as Defence Minister, Brezhnev could have hardly picked on a civilian more acceptable to them. Simultaneously Ustinov will remain an outsider to the senior army ranks and thus derive his power from Brezhnev, if not his prestige. This arrangement suits Brezhnev in as much that the army will get competent representation inside the Politburo without the power which accompanies such representation.

What it amounts to is that Brezhnev, at this delicate point in the life of détente, wants a freer hand in pursuing the policy and an arms agreement with Washington. For this purpose he requires a greater personal authority over the army. He has the requisite authority, of course, as commander-in-chief of the armed forces and as chairman of the Defence Council. But hitherto he lacked rank. His promotion to the rank of General of the Army last year was a shy affair. Hardly any fuss was made about it. His promotion to the ranks of the Marshals, however, has been carried out in a full blaze of publicity, to make sure that no one misses the point. Simultaneously it has been underscored that it is a deliberate political act, not a ceremonial one. For instance, when the ceremony to give him the Marshal's star was held, only Politburo members were present, not the Generals and Marshals from the armed forces. It is argued that, while the military brass may not care much for Brezhnev's presence in their ranks, it is still psychologically a sound move because of their habits of discipline. Within months they will learn to think of Brezhnev as a Marshal and respect his authority as such.

In a sense, however, such acquisition of symbolic authority is superfluous for Brezhnev. He does not need it any more. While speculation may go on in the West about supposed challenges to his authority, it is extremely doubtful if such a genuine challenge has ever really existed. In the light of the 25th Congress, it is reasonable to conclude that, far from seeking to remove him, the Party apparatus is only too keen to retain him as long as he can manage to stay, health permitting. His great contribution in their eyes is that he has brought them stability and respectability. They do not want to risk a change in which the future becomes uncertain yet again.

What emerges is that one of the most persistent sources of confusion about Brezhnev's authority is the dichotomy between his image abroad and his performance at home. Even at the risk of sending some dissident-besotted minds to their typewriters, pounding with mad fury and spreading over acres of posh print in Fleet Street, it has to be stated that, in the words of an American scholar, Jerry F. Hough:

> The Brezhnev period has *not* been a period of growing repression of individual freedom; it has *not* been a period of declining citizen participation; it has *not* been a period of greater privileges accorded to the 'new class' in comparison with other strata of society; it has *not* been a period of neglect of the consumer; it has *not* been a period of recentralisation of the Soviet political system. On the contrary, the trend in policy has been in the opposite direction in these areas.

This does not mean that Brezhnev has always pursued the right course or has always been successful. It does mean that many of the abuses heaped upon him have been beside the point. Brezhnev did not set out to revolutionise Soviet society after Khrushchev. He set out to restore it, politically and economically, and within limits he has done reasonably well. Far from satisfying the aspirations of the people, however, this has given rise to bitter dissatisfaction with the quality of life in the Soviet Union – mainly because the scale of aspirations has risen higher than the rate of their fulfilment. That, too, is not a phenomenon unique to the Soviet Union.

Jack Jones

In Defence of the TUC

Nye Bevan said: 'The language of priorities is the religion of socialism'. And trade unionists appreciate realities. We are all faced with an unprecedented economic crisis. Inflation and unemployment have hit Britain hard and no one has suffered more than the millions of working people and their families. The majority of the people, I am convinced, wanted the TUC to come to an agreement on pay policy. As I said at the T&GWU Tinplate Trade Conference last week: 'I am sure this policy will command the support of the majority of trade unionists. If I did not think that this was so, I would not have had a part in the agreement.' It is only with rank and file support that the £6 policy worked. It is only with that continuing support that the present policy will work, and my impression as I move around meetings of rank and file trade unionists throughout the country is that the essential support will be given.

Despite the precarious position of the Labour government since its election in October 1974, Eric Heffer (NS 14 May) complains that 'power has not shifted irreversibly to working people and their families'. Can I remind him that Labour's manifesto was a programme for five years and that to achieve two-thirds of it within two years isn't bad going. (I understand that Labour's forthcoming programming for Britain 1976 is a programme for a *decade* and more!) It *is* all a question of priorities, of what can be achieved, step by step in the framework of economic and political realities. We will shortly be discussing the wider issues of our economic and social strategy in the TUC/Labour Party Liaison Committee to seek agreement on policy for the coming two or three years (an approach Hugh Scanlon, Dave Basnett and I recently called for in a joint statement). This should enable us to set out how we can achieve further major advances in working class progress. I hope Eric Heffer and all members of the Parliamentary Labour Party will join us in this approach. For one thing is certain: if the Government falls through continual sniping from the sidelines, it won't take the Conservatives long to reverse the gains we have achieved so far.

Eric Heffer, on the one hand, accuses the TUC leaders (all 25 who voted for the pay policy?) of believing they are 'the modern equivalent of the feudal barons' and then, on the other hand, complains because the Government was not bludgeoned into accepting every dot and comma of the TUC Economic Review! Is it sensible to talk in these terms or to argue who determines whose policy? I do not intend to step into that sort of senseless argument.

It is just not true that the Government has 'totally ignored' the demands of the trade union movement. They have responded to our arguments that more must be done for the unemployed. The Temporary Employment Subsidy was extended to all parts of the country, as the TUC suggested; more money was provided for training and job creation as we had demanded, and schemes for stockbuilding, selective restraints on imports and aid for the construction industry were all measures agreed to under pressure from the trade unions. And let us not forget the hundreds of thousands of jobs saved through quick and sensible Government action on British Leyland, Chrysler, Alfred Herbert, Ferranti. The impending nationalisation of the shipbuilding and aircraft industries surely deserves some credit also.

Despite the delicate parliamentary position of the Government, two substantial measures, the Employment Protection Act and the Industry Act, have been put on the statute book. These represent a considerable leap forward in the rights of working people and their trade unions. Legislation has also been promised to further extend workers' rights in industry by democratising the private company. Can't we, at least, pay some tribute to the present Government?

Of course many of the issues raised in the TUC Economic Review have still to be resolved with the Government. But it would have been irresponsible to refuse to negotiate a pay agreement with the Government until it had signed, sealed and delivered on all the demands raised by the TUC. We will continue to press for our strategy of selective reflation. There must be a substantial increase in investment. We know that it is no good relying on private industry alone and this is why we argue that (a) more money must be provided for the NEB and (b) a new Investment fund should be set up. Planning agreements have a tremendous contribution to make in increasing social

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control over private enterprise. The target of the Government, supported by the TUC, is to achieve Planning Agreements with all major companies by 1978 and in my view these should include provisions for productivity and efficiency incentives for both workers' and management to follow the new pay policy.

To protect our industry and our jobs, we need selective import controls, and the TUC will continue to press again and again for this. All sectors of the TUC and Labour movement should unite around the need for more equality. Working people have shown they are prepared to make sacrifices and in response to this a wealth tax is essential to ensure that the wealthy sections of society make their contribution too. Not least, we will continue to fight in support of those sections worst hit by inflation and unemployment, the pensioners, the disabled, the widows and the underprivileged generally. I have enough faith and enough confidence in the present Government to believe that they will respond to these approaches, providing the understanding and co-operative relationship established with the TUC is continued.

Christopher Price

Singapore and Social Democracy

The Socialist International has always, in the past, been a harmless, worthy forum, designed to enable the leaders of those parties which profess social democracy to review its progress in the world from time to time. Though it is substantially a white European preserve, imperialist connections have enabled it to scoop up a few Third World member parties. Among them is the People's Action Party of Singapore, which was invited to join after independence in 1966, and is now being proposed as a candidate for expulsion at the International Bureau's meeting in London on 29 May.

It is an uncharacteristic proposal. Since its reincarnation out of the ashes of the Second International in 1951 at the height of the Cold War, it has not been fashionable to ask too many nice questions about the degree of socialism practised by parties in membership. When it was founded, many of these parties were small and out of office, and the question hardly arose. Now that so many of them are either in government or on the brink of it, too many serious questions about socialism could cause them to question the whole existence of the organisation. After all, they are the paymasters. So Messrs Schmidt, Callaghan, Mitterand, etc, tend to use it as an optional extra for international diplomacy – a convenient supplement to the EEC, the UN, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference and the occasional head of state's funeral. Recently, however, some of its members, in particular the Dutch, have concluded that if it is to survive and spread its gospel beyond Europe, there is an uncomfortable element of hypocrisy involved in constantly casting strictures on other dictators (particularly Latin and Latin-American ones) while ignoring its own: and to test the water, they have proposed the expulsion of the party controlled by the most blatant dictator in membership – Lee Kuan Yew.

That Singapore is a dictatorship there is no doubt. But it is a dictatorship decked out with all the trappings of democracy – it has elections, parliament, a judiciary, trade unions, newspapers – the lot. They are all, however, in the tight grip of one of the most thorough hierarchical political control systems in the world. One of the last loopholes is being plugged at the moment with a bill to control each and every meeting of the students at the university. Not that Lee has failed to deliver the goods: in many ways, by Asian standards, his city state is the material realisation of every social democrat's fondest dream. But it has been achieved at the expense of extinguishing every freedom – and not just political freedom; the scope even for personal freedom is tightening daily: a pledge to be sterilised after the second child is now the price of a marriage certificate.

Nor is it even a benign dictatorship. Imprisonment without trial (inherited from our British democracy) is a pillar of the system and the most senior and distinguished of the detainees, Lim Hock Siew and Said Zahari, have been in Changi jail for 13 years, even since the British-dominated Internal Security Council put them there in 1963 for opposing federation with Malaysia.

Lee defends all this by the South African device of describing his opponents as 'communists'. The truth is that they have both retained sufficient dignity to refuse to make the sort of grovelling recantation which Lee demands before anyone is allowed out of his political jails. There have been widespread demands for their release or trial – ranging from Fenner Brockway's when they were first put there 13 years ago to one by Amnesty International early this year.

The National Executive of the British Labour Party is not yet committed to a formal line: it will be considering the matter next Wednesday. Ron Hayward, however, put out a fairly tough press release, defending Jenny Little, its international secretary, when Lee accused her (personally) of conducting manoeuvres to expel the PAP. Labour will probably go along with the Dutch. Both Wilson and Callaghan have been surprisingly forthcoming in making disapproving noises in the Commons over the past year. The Scandinavians will also lend their support; a Swedish trade union delegation recently returned from the city horrified at much they saw. They were particularly upset by the prevalence, in a social democracy, of legalised corporal punishment – which seems to have little effect in reducing the crime rate. The Irish have also declared anti-Lee.

When the matter comes to the Bureau of the International on 29 May, however, there will be considerable pressure to leave the water unmuddied – (led by the West Germans). They have considerable economic interests in the island (particularly a large Rollei watch factory) and an active office of the Karl Ebert Stiftung (the SPD's charitable front). At the last meeting of the Bureau in Paris they were working hard to persuade the International to remain silent and toothless on the Singapore PAP's membership. The most likely outcome is a decision to 'continue investigations' – in which case Lee has given notice that he will walk out. This would probably be the most sensible outcome and a relief to all concerned. Lee would write it off as a petty piece of European malice and the international commentators as an irrelevant storm in a cracked social democratic teacup. Yet neither of these judgments would be adequate.

An increasingly social-democratic Europe is more and more being called upon to state to the Third World just what it means by its socialism and its democracy, in what sense it offers any coherent alternative to Kissinger or Brezhnev. Its philosophy has traditionally been couched in the negative framework of anti-communism, with little attempt to emphasise any positive principles which might be relevant to the final quarter of the 20th Century. In attempting to clear the ground by ridding the Socialist International of one party which manifestly transgresses every principle which socialists and even mere democrats stand for, the Dutch have shown a far greater awareness of this need than most of their bigger brothers in European social democracy. It would be a pity if the whole exercise were to be thwarted next week by the pressures of multinational capitalism, parading under the guise of German caution and statesmanship.

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Peter Wilby

The Outdated University Tradition

Alongside electronics and natural gas, higher education was Britain's fastest growing industry in the 1960s. In that decade, it doubled its share of the gross national product. Now, it has encountered the fate of all overheated booms: it has fallen into a raging bear market. The Robbins Committee, reporting in 1963, forecast 558,000 students in full-time advanced courses in 1981. Expansion in the late 1960s overtook the Robbins projections. A government planning paper at the end of the decade forecast 835,000 students in 1981; and some experts suggested that this underestimated the real needs by at least 100,000. But successive cuts, culminating in this year's expenditure White Paper, have brought the projection down to 600,000. We are almost back to Robbins, of whom the conventional wisdom a few years ago was that he had hopelessly underestimated future growth.

Higher education has plummeted to join defence at the bottom of most people's spending priorities. And while defence at least has its body of reliable supporters on the Right, higher education (even in a House of Commons that includes record numbers of former lecturers) lacks a lobby in any section of the political spectrum.

This may be because it has failed to deliver the goods. It has made no perceptible contribution either to greater social equality or to faster economic growth. A key paragraph in the Robbins Report stated 'unequivocally' that 'always provided the training is suitable, there is a broad connection between the size of the stock of trained manpower in a community and its level of productivity per head'. The majority of graduates produced during the post-Robbins expansion, however, have not undergone suitable training. The number of students on all full-time advanced courses has increased by 300,000 – those on science and technology courses have increased by fewer than 50,000. Even if all the increases projected for the next five years were concentrated in science and technology, the numbers in those subjects would still fall short of what Robbins projected for 1981. Annually, 15 times as many students enrol for sociology courses as enrol for production engineering. And, even among the dwindling numbers acquiring engineering degrees, less than half enter productive industry.

These statistics are symptomatic of something more than a student dislike of science and technology and a loathing of industry – they reflect the value assumptions of our educational system which, in turn, reflect attitudes deeply rooted in our national culture. Robbins scarcely challenged these attitudes at all. Unlike almost every other major post-war educational report – Plowden on primary schools, James on teacher education, Newsom on secondary education for the less able – it largely ignored the form and content of education. It concentrated on numbers of students, administration, finance. Its unquestioned assumption was that more meant the same. It briefly noted that other countries had different systems but drew no conclusions.

The committee therefore, took it for granted that British higher education should expand on traditional lines, that an elite system required no rethinking before it was transmuted into a mass system. First, the three-year residential full-time degree course would be preserved. Secondly, the university ethos of scholarship and research would remain dominant. Thirdly (and what else could be expected of a committee chaired by the last of the 19th-century laissez-faire economists?) there would be no compulsion on universities to provide certain courses or to persuade students to take them.

The three central principles of the English university tradition – residential study, scholarship and research, autonomy – were to survive unscathed into a new age. It was as if the motor manufacturers, faced with the prospect of mass car ownership, had decided to continue concentrating on Rolls-Royces. The supposedly radical new universities, built in the period before and after Robbins, were, in most important respects, backward-looking. The monastic streak in the university outlook was made explicit: all the nine new universities were built in parks, several miles outside their host towns and with plans to accommodate over half their students on the campus. Such is the provision of supermarkets, hairdressers, banks, and other services that most new university students need never set foot outside. If they were to do so, their minds would hardly be disturbed by the vulgarities of productive industry because their founders preferred tourist sites to turbines, siting them near Lancaster, not Preston, Coleraine, not Derry, Stirling, not Falkirk. (Even Warwick has fragile relations with industrial Coventry and has, in effect, 'adopted' Leamington as its university town.)

Most of them set about establishing research reputations with a single-mindedness bordering on fanaticism – Essex and Sussex are recognised as among the most research-oriented universities in the country. And the principle of university autonomy had never been so strongly confirmed as in these institutions that were given charters to do as they liked, with massive subventions from public funds, before their first stones were laid. Finally, their much-publicised new maps of learning have proved to be little more than modernised versions of Oxford Greats.

There has been one major attempt to alter the traditional pattern of British higher education: the creation of the polytechnics. They were deliberately created as institutions where part-time and sandwich courses would flourish, where skills and thinking applicable to industry and commerce would develop, where teaching, not research, would be the central activity. They were an attempt to create alternative aspirations for higher education. Crosland, then Education Secretary, spoke in 1966 of moving away 'from our snobbish, caste-ridden, hierarchical obsession with university status'.

Alas, though the university sector has played a proportionately smaller part in the expansion of higher education than Robbins envisaged, the magnetism of its traditions remains undiminished. The new universities – not the polytechnics nor even the upgraded technological universities – have scooped the glamour and publicity. A recent survey showed that the majority of 16-year-olds had never heard of polytechnic degrees. Many of the polytechnics themselves measure their status by the number of full-time degree courses they run, by their research activity, by their prospects of acquiring a single unified campus, by the residential places they provide. The largest department of philosophy outside Oxbridge is at Middlesex Polytechnic.

None of the new or expanded universities and few of the polytechnics have even begun the rethinking necessary if mass higher education is to be a reality. Their horizons are limited by the rigid assumption that, for most people, higher education should be compressed into three years of continuous full-time study, normally before the mid-twenties. The one area of higher education that has not benefitted from the post-Robbins boom is part-time education. The part-timers taking university undergraduate courses are 25 per cent down on a decade ago. Kent, opened in 1965, has found that it needs to alter its charter if it is to introduce part-time degrees.

Again, part-time work in advanced further education has been declining since 1970. Enrolments for the Higher National Certificate, which once provided a part-time route to professional qualifications for thousands and the economic rate of return of which has been estimated at twice that of a degree course, have dropped by 30 per cent since 1966. The alternative technician qualification, the full-time Higher National Diploma, has absorbed only half this decrease – at a time when the nation is said to be desperately short not so much of highly qualified scientists but of middle-grade technicians.

Full-time study is an integral part of the British university tradition, detached, academic, scholarly, more concerned with extending the frontiers of knowledge than consolidating and applying existing knowledge. Sir Alex Smith, director of Manchester Polytechnic, has suggested that the expansion of full-time degree courses and our economic decline, while not necessarily connected, can be attributed to the same underlying social cause:

> to the lack of esteem given to skills in doing, making, designing, developing, manufacturing, compared with the high esteem given to academic study and scholarship, to analysis and to research as the proper pursuit for the ablest minds. We have created two cultures, not so much in the sense that Snow outlined, but in the sense that cultured, civilised, educated, research-minded people pursue a cultured, civilised, educated, research-minded life, while the process of earn-

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ing our livelihood as a nation can be carried out by 'others'. It is not a very edifying, or a very stable, division.

There is no more effective way of socialising young people into the first of Smith's two cultures, so that they despise productive industry, than by removing them from their home environments into exclusive communities of fellow adolescents, where the most prominent examples of adult working life are academics.

Given that secondary school teachers are reared in the university tradition and that the universities, through the A-level examination boards, control the sixth-form curriculum, is it any wonder that the demand from 18-year-olds is for courses that are not tainted by the values of manufacturing? Yet the universities' failure (and, equally important, the sixth-forms' failure) to expand their recruitment significantly among children from working-class homes suggests that many youngsters instinctively resist socialisation into the academic culture. Attending full-time residential institutions may be appropriate for the products of public schools. Students from backgrounds where there is a more instrumental attitude to education, where there is a concern with its immediate, particular, localised applications, may require an entirely different mode of learning.

Socialist thinking on higher education has been blinded to such considerations by the fear of appearing to market a pastiche of the university to the workers. Attempts to develop part-time courses, to encourage students to enrol at local institutions, to increase vocational relevance, are easily interpreted as moves towards higher education on the cheap, producing a subservient work force for capitalist industry.

The result is that, since the war, there has been almost no political debate about higher education, except about the scale of it. If anything, the effect of expansion has been socially regressive. For every additional working-class student recruited, three extra students have come from middle-class homes. For the majority of working class youngsters, the prospects of a professional career are dimmer than ever. The radical alternative to outdated university education is only just beginning to emerge from the words and actions of some polytechnic directors.

That alternative must start from the premise that the best in education ought to go to those who are already earning their living – to, as Ruskin put it, 'those that plant and build, workers in wood and in marble and in iron, by whom all food, clothing, habitation, furniture, and means of delight are produced'. It should reject the notion that educational needs end at 21 – on the contrary, they scarcely end even at retirement. It should recognise the need for more professional teaching in higher education. Short full-time courses, part-time day and evening courses, correspondence courses should all be widely available, even though academics deceive themselves that only sustained, integrated courses are educationally worthwhile.

The objection to the academic tradition is not that it is highly esteemed but that, by implication, it reduces doing and making, designing and building, marketing and managing to a second division of human abilities. To quote Sir Alex Smith again:

> Education has become synonymous with the predominant development of mainly scholastic attributes and has relegated to an inferior role the rest of the wide spectrum of human talents and abilities that are there to be developed. As such, it has taken upon itself a narrow confining interpretation of the whole concept of education.

Denis MacShane

The Blacks Fight Back

'Have you still got that placard with Bonham-Carter on it?' shouted John Tyndall to the 100-odd National Fronters assembled near Winson Green prison in Birmingham last Saturday afternoon. They had come to pay homage to Robert Relf, imprisoned because of the sign outside his Leamington Spa home saying the house was for sale to English people only; a 'Des Warren for the Right' was how one of the Front's flag carriers described Relf to me.

'Can we have the Bonham-Carter placard to the front?' said Tyndall. 'Someone suggested ritually hanging it but we couldn't find a gallows . . . But you can see that tree over there,' he said, pointing to a small oak that had somehow survived in the middle of the waste ground where the meeting took place. 'Can we not find a length of rope?' – the crowd waited, knowing what was coming and wriggling with excitement – 'and string up the traitorous Mr Bonham-Carter?' The cheers poured out and eyes turned to the thin green branch as if it already supported the body of the retiring chairman of the Community Relations Commission.

The cheers might just have reached the ranks of policemen blocking all the side-roads leading to the National Front meeting. They certainly would not have been heard by the hunger-striking Relf who had been transferred to Stafford prison in a futile bid by Roy Jenkins to lessen the effects of any confrontation. The transfer was too late. Since mid-week black, Asian and left-wing groups had been preparing for the Front's visit to Winson Green.

Despite the odd excess from right-wing Tories, Birmingham politicians have operated an unspoken agreement to keep race out of local politics. Although to the outsider the whole of the West Midlands conurbation may look the same – a grimy, nasal, factory-dominated sprawl – the waves of race hate whipped up in Smethwick by Peter Griffiths or by Enoch Powell in Wolverhampton have, by and large, not washed over Birmingham. There is a small National Front colony in Erdington, north of the city centre, but the extreme Right have looked to the Black Country boroughs to make any real impact in the West Midlands. The recently deposed Birmingham Labour Council had banned the National Front from any of Birmingham's civic halls and the last mass street manifestation of the National Front was as long ago as 1973. It was a quiet, orderly affair with both the National Front and the larger group of opposing demonstrators allowed to march through the city centre and hold a meeting outside the Council House without any violence beyond the standard verbals.

Last Saturday's violence did not however, happen out of the blue. In the ten days leading up to the Winson Green demo a perverse combination of events helped prepare the ground for what Birmingham's *Sunday Mercury* headlined as the city's first 'Race Hate Battle'. First Relf himself had been built up in the local press as something close to a martyr to unfeeling laws. Usually described in news columns as a 'race-law rebel' – by the same token the Kray brothers might feature as grievous-bodily-harm-law rebels – he had been awarded folk hero status by the Birmingham newspapers. The Relf story fitted in well with the intense local coverage given to the Asian families put up in the Gatwick hotel, a story with no Birmingham connection. Worst of all was a call for a stop to immigration from the Labour chairman of the West Midlands County Council, Councillor Bill Jarvis. He chose the annual meeting of the Metropolitan County Council, Labour's last stronghold in the West Midlands, to do so and ensured front-page headlines, approving interviews and profiles, and a marked raising of the temperature for Saturday's march.

Councillor Jarvis is a dull Labour right-winger who has Buggins-turned his way to various positions in the Birmingham Labour movement but was hitherto not suspected of populist ambitions. Like the rest of the right-wing Labour clique that has ruled Birmingham for the last four years, he is still shell-shocked from Labour's massive defeat in the local elections. The city's right-wing Labour councillors are in a quandary over whom or what to blame for the defeat. They can hardly want to blame their own rule, which in the last couple of years became more personalised and reactionary; nor do they want to make the traditional excuse, the unpopularity with Labour voters of the current government policies, since to a man they are fervently loyal supporters of the Callaghan/Healey line. A scapegoat was needed and its colour was not white.

Jarvis was at once condemned by the Birmingham Labour Party; the city's Trades Council of which he is president held an emergency meeting to denounce his statements; fellow-councillors called on him to resign. Nonetheless the sequence of news pages with a racist line threading them together altered the atmosphere for the worse prior to Saturday's confrontation. It did more, surprising many people who had grown used to the sectional differences separating the Indian, Pakistani and Bangladesh workers' associations. The very anti-

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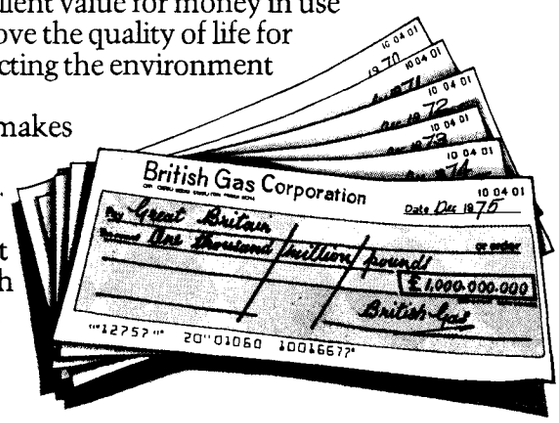

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SAVE IT

BRITISH GAS

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immigrant tone of the news stories, and the publicity given to the proposed National Front demo in honour of Relf, for once united all the immigrant groups whose political, social and cultural differences normally ensure a marked lack of cooperation on the ground. The Birmingham Anti-Fascist Committee was also involved, and the usual procession of Labour, Trotskyist, Communist and Trade Union banners turned out. But four out of every five demonstrators were black or Asian. For the first time in the West Midlands a protest against the National Front was the work not of politically-conscious white radicals but of the communities directly threatened.

The demo and its accompanying aggro follows violence in the Manningham area of Bradford earlier this month when a National Front march was stoned by young Asians. Last Saturday was a confused if equally frightening affair. Opinions differ on whom to blame. At any rate full-size house bricks were hurled at the police, wooden planks were ripped off doorways to be used as clubs and it needed a combined horse and motor-cycle charge to restore police control. Once again it was chiefly black and Asian faces grimacing from the two pages of riot pictures the *Sunday Mercury* published next day. The myth that has the Asian youth as the bunny-rabbit of the immigrant community, jumping for cover at the first boo, will have to be revised.

The violence is welcomed by the National Front. Their tubby 'activities organiser' Martin Webster proclaimed the inability of the Left to stop a single National Front march or meeting. 'There's more to come,' he said to the crowd after Tyndall's speech was over. 'Next week the Newham Community Relations Council is meeting to work out how to use ratepayers' money against National Front candidates. We shall be there. And on 29 May we shall be outside Stafford prison or anywhere else Robert Relf is moved to and no one shall stop us.' More cheers from the crowd, indifferent to the fact that moments before only a very thin blue line had protected them from serious injury. They listened attentively as Webster got down to nuts and bolts.

'We are getting 300,000 stickers printed saying "Free Robert Relf"; you can have them on credit and we'll send you the bills later. And on 29 May we'll have a collection for Robert Relf's widow,' a slip of the tongue that passed unnoticed to listeners who had also mentally consigned the still very much alive Relf to the Valhalla reserved for Britain's first racist martyr. It would no doubt suit the Front's book for Relf to emulate Frank Stagg, though a less dramatic and quicker end to his hunger strike is the prediction among journalists who have met the man.

More important for the National Front is the discovery that a march or meeting within an immigrant area (Winson Green is largely Asian) can now provoke a violent mass response from the black and Asian communities. It is no longer a question of slogan-chanters under left-wing banners. As Oswald Mosley discovered 40 years ago in Cable Street, the reaction of an abused community provoked on its own home ground can be infinitely more aggressive – alarmingly so, in every way.

Christopher Hitchens

Islington's Last Hurrah

Some weeks ago, Shirley Williams received a letter from a former active member of her Labour Party in Hitchin. He had recently moved to North Islington and there joined the local party as a matter of course. He was appalled at the irregularities that permeated party procedure, and disturbed that most of those responsible seemed to be, like Mrs Williams, of the Roman Catholic faith. Could she, as a member of the Organisation Sub-Committee and the National Executive, do anything to vindicate the reputation of the party and the Irish community, both of which were being gravely tarnished?

The world of North Islington Labour is a sad record of rotten borough politics, found only too often in Labour-dominated urban areas. The Member of Parliament for the division, Mr Michael O'Halloran, narrowly survived an official party inquiry into the circumstances of his selection in 1969. One of his supporters was expelled from the party for impersonating a delegate at the selection committee, and Mr O'Halloran himself was only saved by the calling of the 1970 election, which found him the incumbent still. The rest of the inquiry was discreetly shelved. The adjoining constituency parties (four of them in all) have now demanded that a fresh one should be opened.

North Islington is a wretched area. There is a large transient population and a decayed housing stock, which makes the electoral register somewhat elastic. There is a well dug-in Irish social and religious nexus, which dominates Labour politics, lump-working building contractors, clubs, churches, sports associations and other facilities, giving it a good Tammany hold over the area. Councillor Mark Van de Weyer, who moved to the district a few years ago, says that he was surprised when canvassing for the council to see the Member and his supporters pocket the poll cards for boarded-up houses. And that he was astounded on one local election day to be approached by an O'Halloran supporter (a ward chairman), given some spare cards and asked to go and vote for one of her relatives.

Six members of the General Management Committee have signed a letter alleging the following:

> That despite a ruling from the regional organiser of the party, the local executive and president continue to allow non-members (in the sense that they are not paid up) to attend and vote at meetings.
>
> That five people were excluded from the annual general meeting of Junction branch because the officers had never seen them before. One of them paid his subscription at the meeting and was then elected branch secretary.
>
> That over 30 false memberships were discovered during the last selection process for councillors, with frequent discoveries of people, alleged by the party *apparat* to be members, who have no knowledge of the fact.
>
> That just over one year ago, a man recruited by O'Halloran himself was found not to be a member of a trade union and that the entry 'TGWU' on his form had been forged. The General Management Committee allowed the application.
>
> That, though expulsions from the party have been ruled to require a two thirds majority, Keith Veness (a left-wing critic of O'Halloran) was expelled on a simple majority vote.

With the expulsion of Veness, O'Halloran's supporters probably made their biggest mistake. Mayor Daley once complained that his enemies 'have vilified me, they have crucified me, yes, they have even *criticised* me'. Veness went so far, in an interview with a local community paper called the *Islington Gutter Press*, as to criticise the Irish Catholic stranglehold described above. His expulsion for 'bringing the party into disrepute', follows the usual Labour pattern in these cases of punishing the person who brings malpractice to light rather than those who are really 'disreputable'. This time, however, it does not look as if the NEC will endorse that kind of procedure (as they did in the case of Eddie Milne). The appeal against expulsion which Keith Veness has made to the party has already come before the Organisation Sub-Committee, where Shirley Williams among others argued that it should be deferred until more information became available about the state of affairs in North Islington generally. Reg Underhill, the party's National Agent, has already reported to them on certain of his preliminary findings on membership complaints. The two questions, then, are now running in tandem. When the National Executive meets next Wednesday it will have reports from both fronts before it. The case for postponement will get progressively harder to make, and there are enough veterans of the 1969 inquiry still around to make sure that this time it is done properly, and followed through to the end.

It is not as if Mr O'Halloran is a shining example of political virtuosity. In the House of Commons he scarcely speaks at all, but enjoys a certain reputation as the right-winger who signs both sides of motions on the Common Market and the Middle East. Labour party life in his constituency is practically dead; there is no political education, no youth activity, no discussion of anything but parochial (in the dual meaning of the word) affairs at meetings. Among voters, there is widespread contempt and disgust. It is important to stress that many of O'Halloran's honourable opponents are themselves Irish and Catholic, but at a time when there is a strong ugly anti-Irish undertow in London, can their community afford to let such a man represent them? The inquiry cannot be much longer delayed; in the meantime the lesson seems to be that if the militants fail to attend meetings, the bloody moderates take over.

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Donald Gould

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

In some ways we British seem to be a set of callous bastards. We affect to depise Spaniards, Russians, Chileans and similar foreigners for their inhumane treatment of the unacceptable members of their various societies, while tolerating, or at least ignoring, uncomfortably parallel cruelties right here at home. Men and women who find themselves in the long-stay wards of our psychiatric hospitals may find themselves subjected to indignities, violence, unjustified medication, and shame. Moreover, the public at large has known what has been going on for at least a decade now.

It should all have ended almost ten years ago when the *News of the World* received, and forwarded to the Minister of Health, a statement by a former nursing assistant at the Ely Hospital, Cardiff. A committee of inquiry was appointed which, early in 1969, confirmed the allegations made. By this time Richard Crossman had become the responsible minister. He decided to publish the report in full, when a lesser man might have decided to keep the grisly details secret. But Crossman was determined to better the lot of the mentally disabled, and reasoned that telling the appalling truth, and so arousing the public conscience, would powerfully aid him in his task.

Before the end of the year he had appointed Dr Alex Baker as the first director of an entirely new body, independent of the Department of Health, called the Hospital Advisory Service. This was, in Crossman's own words, to act as 'the eyes and ears of the minister'. Dr Baker assembled a team of experts – psychiatrists, nurses, hospital administrators, and social workers – whose task it was to visit NHS hospitals, spending up to a week at each, in order to talk to staff and patients, and to look at the organisation and the administration and the services available, and to identify deficiencies and problems, and also to take note of successful projects and good ideas.

After each visit the team writes a detailed report which includes recommendations for improvements. A copy goes to the hospital and health authority concerned, and to the Secretary of State. The hope was that such a continuing programme of surveillance and constructive criticism would make it impossible for another Ely-style situation to develop ever again. At the same time Crossman provided instant additional money to be used for relieving the worst of the drabness and physical deprivation being suffered by so many patients in asylums.

Since its inception the HAS has concentrated upon long-stay hospitals for the old and for the mentally disabled. The system has flourished to the extent that the HAS teams have worked with enthusiasm and understanding, have produced detailed, percipient and practical reports, and have usually been welcomed by the host hospitals. Apart from the usefulness of advice given, the visits and reports have boosted morale by giving the many who are attempting to do their best with inadequate resources the feeling that they have not been wholly neglected and forgotten by their overlords and paymasters.

All this being so, the possibility of another Ely should have been scotched. It hasn't happened. Staff shortages are not quite so acute. A lot of wards have been given a lick of paint, and perhaps some cheerful curtains, and a little more space between the beds. But ever since 1969 a succession of official inquiries have revealed a state of affairs at psychiatric hospitals throughout the country exactly comparable to the Ely happenings.

One recent report, published just a few weeks ago, concerns St Augustine's Hospital, Canterbury. It shows that in the long-stay wards of this hospital patients were habitually knocked about and subjected to 'uncouth indignities'. Gross over-medication, administered with the minimum of medical control, and aimed not at treating distressing mental symptoms, but at keeping patients docile and undemanding, was commonplace. Pocket money and small luxuries like marmalade and beer often failed to reach those entitled to them. Electro-convulsive therapy was frequently administered to protesting, struggling victims, against their will. There was a chronic shortage of linen. In one ward patients waited a month or more for a bath. Doctors were rare visitors in these 'back' wards, and devoted almost all their time to the acute wards for short-stay patients, who enjoyed a different order of care in every way.

While a majority of the nurses showed a genuine concern for their patients, and did them many kindnesses, most were inadequately trained and received little guidance or support from the senior nursing officers, and virtually none at all from the medical staff. A few actively brutal, callous and ignorant charge nurses were able to impose their will upon their juniors and the patients. The Hospital Management Committee seemed to have remained unaware and careless of what was going on. But perhaps the most depressing fact is that a Hospital Advisory Service team had visited St Augustine's in 1971, and had made many recommendations which, if implemented, would have cured almost all the faults. However, says the committee of inquiry, the HAS report 'was treated with something approaching a patronising disdain'.

The committee notes that the conditions uncovered at St Augustine's were almost certainly 'no worse than at many other mental hospitals'. This is true. Within the past three weeks there have been reports of two trials involving nurses charged with ill-treating patients. Last week a committee investigating the deaths last summer of four patients within 27 days in the psychiatric

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unit of Darlington Memorial Hospital blamed these happenings on the 'appalling complacency' of key members of the staff who had allowed neglect and loose supervision to continue uncorrected. The spirit of Ely is alive and well.

At St Augustine's (comparably to Ely) the gaff was blown by Dr William Ankers, a young biochemist who had taken a job as a temporary nursing assistant to support himself while preparing a PhD thesis. With a colleague he sent a report to the regional health authority which could not be ignored. But such people don't normally find their way into the back wards.

Clearly an HAS team making visits at three- or four-year intervals cannot solve the problem. What is to be done? Dr Keith Porter of the South East Thames RHA (which has acted admirably in the matter of St Augustine's) has suggested that local general practitioners might be asked to give a few sessions each week to the care of long-stay patients. Dr Ankers would like to see an inspectorate appointed, having (unlike the HAS) the power to *impose* necessary reforms.

But we now we have Community Health Councils. Every CHC should see its a prime duty to see to it that the places where the chronically ill are cared for are visited regularly by citizens of goodwill – not once or twice a year, but once or twice a week. It would take some organising, and a good deal of cooperation from all concerned, but there are plenty of people, from teenagers to retired admirals, who could help. They wouldn't need to be experts – just human beings helping to sustain a full and continuing contact between the staff and the patients in these places and the rest of society. That could lay the ghost of Ely once and for all.

John Hatch

A West Indian Summer

> We are all individualists, as our cricketing disasters have shown too well. When things are going well the West Indies gladden the heart, when the tide turns, they are the sorriest spectacle to be seen. They are either up or down, almost never in between, almost never toiling in the ordinary, quiet way, and herein lies the eternal dilemma of Caribbean cricket.

That was the verdict of the *Trinidad Express* on last winter's disastrous West Indian tour of Australia. Since then the home series against India has hardly restored cricketing confidence to the island peoples to whom cricket has a religious significance. After being defeated five to one by the Australians, wholesale slaughter of a weak Indian side was the least which could restore self-respect. Overwhelming victory in the first Test in Barbados whetted the appetite. Yet a combination of Indian stubbornness, unfortunate weather and injuries to the visitors never allowed the West Indians to complete the kill. Moreover, weaknesses which had become apparent in Australia re-appeared with disconcerting frequency against India. Brilliant batsmen like Rowe, Kallicharran and Fredericks had been exposed as brittle by the devastating speed of Thomson and Lillee; now, on occasion, they were revealed as incapable of meeting the challenge of Indian spin. In the Third Test, which they eventually won, the Indian batsmen cast doubts on the behaviour of the West Indian bowlers and fielders on several occasions.

So the West Indies, six months ago boasting of being Champions of the World, arrive in Britain ten Tests later with their self-confidence undermined by a series of traumatic experiences. The collapse of their game in Australia was attributed by West Indian and other journalists to a variety of causes: sexual starvation, a weak manager, lack of experience of Australian crowds, fratricidal jealousies, poor captaincy and team spirit. They may go deeper. As the Trinidad editor quoted above suggests, West Indians are essentially individualists. This applies both to the individual players and to the islands from which they originate. Immediately before the first Test with India the Premier of Dominica, Patrick John, was reported as declaring: 'I have a plan which I will discuss with Prime Minister Gairy of Grenada and the Premiers of the Windward and Leeward Islands for the Combined Islands to have their own Test Series.' His suggested fragmentation of the West Indian side was made in protest against the omission of Irving Shillingford, a Dominican, from the Test team.

Cricket in the West Indies has always reflected very deep social forces. Readers of C. L. R. James's sensitive *Beyond a Boundary* will recall his description of the colour-class distinctions between the various Trinidad clubs. They continue, in a modified form. Students of politics will remember the fervent hopes held out by the West Indian Federation of 1957. It survived only five years before being destroyed by inter-island rivalries. Those same rivalries are reflected today not only by suspicions about cricket selectors' motives, but by accusations of Jamaican ministers that their Trinidad counterparts are more concerned with their island's interests than with the economic progress of the Caribbean.

Even more, West Indian cricket is today the reflection of the new outlook taken by the inhabitants of the islands towards the world in which they live. Cricket originally gave West Indians a social avenue into white society. It then provided a number of skilful players with the chance to escape from social and economic discrimination into the comparative affluence of league cricket in England and Scotland. In 1950 the game supplied the whole West Indian population with a new dignity when England was defeated in a home series for the first time. This represented not just a sporting landmark, but a racial victory, reinforcing emergent nationalism. Since then West Indian cricket has taken its place among the leading teams of the world; and, after the collapse of the Federation, the West Indian islands have become separately independent.

The West Indian of the 1970s, however, is a significantly different person from his forebears. Players like Learie Constantine and George Headley accepted and adopted the public school ethics which dominated the English cricket of their era. They would have been shocked by the events of Edgbaston in 1973 when Kanhai and his team publicly demonstrated their anger over a decision by umpire Arthur Fagg. This new, assertive code on the field reflects a changed social attitude. No longer is the West Indian content to accept the cultural assumptions or institutions bequeathed by Britain. The Establishment which represented Britain's colonial legacy still tries to sustain the British social climate, but it is increasingly challenged. In Jamaica and Guyana in particular it is under heavy fire, for it obstructs those measures essential for West Indians to climb out of their colonial status. The open adherence of Michael Manley and Forbes Burnham to the non-aligned Third World bloc provides further evidence of a refusal to accept traditional subservience to the Western world.

It is therefore not surprising that West Indian crowds behave more in the tradition of Highbury than of Lords; the players more in that of professional footballers than of the MCC. This will be apparent again on the Test grounds of England this season, to the ill-concealed choler of traditional English cricket habitués. When West Indian supporters invade the pitch to chair their immediate hero they are simply expressing their participation in the drama, for cricket in the West Indies has always resembled a theatre in the round.

This crowd participation will certainly occur on English grounds during the next three months, especially where substantial numbers of immigrants live in the particular city. Scant respect for British phelgm can be expected at Lords, and particularly at the Oval. How often there will be occasion for West Indians to celebrate remains to be seen. But what seems certain is that passion will be higher than ever. For not only have the West Indians to redeem their glory lost in Australia; they have to obliterate the bitter memories of the extraordinary thrashing which their bowlers suffered at the hands of Indian batsmen in Port of Spain, the collapses perpetrated by their own batsmen both in Trinidad and at Sabina Park in Jamaica. The hollow victory clinching the series in the last match, when half the Indian team were injured, has hardly sweetened those pills. For Clive Lloyd as captain, and Clyde Walcott as manager, this is a make or break tour. It will be played tough, perhaps, though one hopes not bitterly. Perhaps Lloyd especially will be remembering that the same West Indians who chaired their heroes last month in Jamaica and braved police batons to do so, also stoned Gary Sobers's hotel when he lost a series against the MCC in 1968.

Kingston

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London Diary

☐ How much are British people bothered by who will be the next President of the United States? Not, I should guess, as much as even the popular newspapers seem to think. True, no one has gone this time for the kind of 'over-kill' that both the BBC and the *Sunday Times* went for in 1968 – thereby producing a formidable backlash of boredom. But each Wednesday afternoon still brings its big *Evening Standard* American primary story, even though the long drawn-out game of snakes and ladders must by now seem pretty bewildering to London's home-going commuters. The trouble this year is that there's really no candidate with whom the foreign reader can easily identify (unless, conceivably Governor Brown of California): no Kennedy (for the star-struck), no Stevenson or McCarthy (for the sophisticated) not even a Goldwater to send a tingle of fear down all our spines. By rights Reagan should, no doubt, qualify as the last but it hasn't worked out that way: to everyone except his fan club in the Institute of Directors he remains merely the 'B' picture actor who is currently reducing American politics to vulgar farce. I suppose Jimmy Carter may catch on in time – but his is hardly a British style. No, if poor old Jerry Ford can carry Michigan, he could still, I suspect, just about carry Britain as well. Not because of any outstanding appeal of his own, simply because of the nature of the alternatives.

☐ It may seem that all the talking is done inside South Africa House in Trafalgar Square: but I'd be very surprised if some shouting has not been going on this week inside Dr de Wet's ambassadorial residence too. It is an (unlisted) address in Campden Hill Road, easy enough to find since it is almost at the top and inevitably is called 'High Veld'. It's a large building in what Osbert Lancaster might call grandiose-Thirties style, and the blossom in the gardens is currently very fine. This does not, though, conceal the fact that the house is surrounded by a 12-foot wire fence, with barbed wire embroidered onto it seven feet up, plus iron spikes all along the front. Very security conscious, very South African.

☐ My automatic instinct on seeing any statement (or letter) that begins 'My attention has been drawn . . .' is that it comes from someone whose sense of pomposity has temporarily got the better of his sense of proportion. And that went for the press statement that Sir Robert Mark issued last Monday afternoon – and which we publish as our lead letter on page 678 this week. I am sorry that Sir Robert was so upset by my paragraph about the Thorpe/Scott letters in last week's NS. But what he now says in no way disposes of the points I sought to make. In the first place, he offers no excuse for the police's 'hoarding' for 14 years of letters that had never been the subject of any criminal proceedings: 'by what warranty,' I asked last week, 'did they do that?' – and I now repeat the question. Secondly, Sir Robert now asserts that photostats of the letters were handed over to Mr Thorpe's solicitors solely for the purpose of allowing them to determine whether or not they wished to claim or disclaim any rights to them in then pending legal proceedings. But in that case, why, and how, did they immediately appear in the *Sunday Times*? Before copies of the letters were handed over, should not Sir Robert at least have seen to it that he got an agreement from Lord Goodman (who else?) that they were being made available to his client purely for legal reasons and for no other? Sir Robert also claims that he 'acted on legal advice and strictly in accordance with the law': in which case it is perhaps time that someone advised the Metropolitan Police solicitor about the *Sunday Times*/Distillers case – which, whether we like it or not (and I don't), is actually the law of the land. Worse, however, Sir Robert then goes on to prove my point for me. It was, it appears, perfectly proper to let Mr Thorpe's solicitors have copies of the letters, 'whereas the handing over of photostat copies to Messrs Crosse & Crosse [Mr Scott's lawyers] would have been tantamount to handing over the originals which Mr Scott *could then have used for any purpose he wished*'. That, of course, is in the end precisely what Mr Thorpe did – but I still find the Commissioner's implicit distinction between a responsible and an irresponsible citizen illuminating – and alarming.

☐ I sometimes wonder if butter actually would melt in the mouth of Robert Mellish, Labour's former Chief Whip. Expostulating in his usual manner in the House on Monday, he attacked the idea of treating British Malawians as British by saying: 'This nation has done all it should have done. Its record is one of great honour and integrity but I say "enough is enough".' For the life of me I can't see it. If Mr Mellish is worried about population pressure he is in the wrong church. If he is worried by colour and not numbers he is in the wrong party. And as for the 'honourable record', who was it who brought the Labour conference to a halt in 1965 with a squalid attack on immigration and immigrants during the debate at Blackpool that year? Now it comes back to me . . .

☐ From the moment that I spotted the portly, bearded figure of Eric Gregory of the National Graphical Association giving advice to the journalist pickets in last week's *Telegraph* strike, I was sure that the workers would win. What they needed from the beginning – if they were to stop the paper being published – was the support of the production unions. They got it – if only gradually and by degrees. The first break came when a round-the-clock picket succeeded in preventing newsprint from getting into the *Telegraph* on Wednesday of last week. The electricians began to be impressed by the NUJ's seriousness and that evening refused themselves to cross the picket line. Result: no paper. The same thing happened the following night – while on Friday morning the vans bearing fresh supplies of newsprint to the beleagured *Telegraph* management actually volunteered to go away. 'No, madam,' said one driver almost reprovingly, 'we *never* cross picket lines.' By then the *Telegraph* had only enough newsprint left in the building for a 24-page paper – but Lord Hartwell and his minions still seemed in no mood to budge. That the strike finally ended as successfully as it did for the NUJ was largely due to the print union leaders within the TUC. They prevailed on Len Murray to call the meeting of both sides of the industry at which the *Telegraph* management finally crumbled (settling, satisfactorily, for worse terms than the NUJ had been prepared to offer them earlier in the afternoon). But the bit I still like best comes in the sequel. Apparently those on the management floor, determined to salvage what dignity they could, decided on Monday to issue all the *Telegraph*'s journalistic work force with a sharp reminder of what the strike would cost those who came out in terms of wages. Elaborate calculations were, therefore, made to change everyone's payslip. Alas it all proved too much for the poor old computer. Some people found themselves rewarded with payslips promising them riches beyond the dreams of avarice – while the owner of one of the *Telegraph*'s best-known bylines found himself offered a princely monthly salary of £3.4.

☐ Since we started with America, let's end with it as well. There's a lovely story in this week's *Spiegel*, taken from Willy Brandt's memoirs. Apparently Brandt tells of how, when Bobby and Teddy Kennedy came to Berlin in the early 1960s, he, as mayor, thought it right to offer a toast, 'to the Government, the President and the people of the United States'. Before anyone could actually get a glass to his lips, Bobby had cheerfully called out: 'You know what? That's the three of us. The President, that's my brother; the Government, that's me; and [looking hard at Teddy] 'you're the people'.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Alexander Graham Bell would be proud of the Post Office, Sir William Ryland, chairman, said yesterday. 'In an era when it is fashionable to knock the United Kingdom, it's about time the British people gave credit to the nation's achievements.' – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

☐ The woman, aged 32, was convicted of soliciting on the eve of her wedding last December. She told magistrates she needed the money to buy a present for her husband. – *The Times* (M. Cawkell)

☐ A BR spokesman says: 'It is the custom in the first year after a line closes to include a timetable with no trains. It helps get the message across.' – *Northern Echo* (Leo Frain)

☐ When she talked about her first understanding of Liberalism she mentioned the influence of her Nanny rather than her parents. 'She was a strong Liberal, though her parents hadn't been, and she brainwashed us. You say we don't know about working-class lives, but we knew it all through Nanny.—Laura Grimond in *The Observer* (Margaret Danks).

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Martin Staniland

Of Rats and Men

I suffered a nasty case of double vision the other week. It occurred at the Political Studies Association's conference at Nottingham, during a discussion on Marxist approaches to urban politics. Admittedly, the day had been fairly strenuous: at least two heavy sessions in the morning had been devoted to earnest debate of variations in Marxist theory of the state. One session, nominally to do with the state and capitalism in Uganda, had finished with a lengthy argument about what Marx had meant about the relationship between the political form and production relations in *Capital*, vol. 3 (1894).

So there we were again in the afternoon with Poulantzas and the necessity of correctly resolving major theoretical issues and of identifying the dimensions of the problematic before proceeding to concrete analysis of the urban. In fact, we never got there. The speaker, Chris Pickvance from Canterbury, described some of the not very startling findings of J. Lojkine in the small commune of Roanne, in Paris, and Lyons, but both he and his discussant, Steven Lukes, were clearly happier developing the debate between Lojkine and Poulantzas on the role of the state in the class struggle. Nothing was said about the politics of cities: and, more interestingly, nobody seemed to find this odd.

Not surprisingly, it took two hours to unravel exactly how confusions had arisen in the 'debate', for there were at least eight possible contradictory, overlapping, or incompatible statements in the relevant writings on the character of the state under capitalism, and each polemicist had apparently misunderstood the other. Hence, in the words of Pickvance:

> Lojkine's stated view can be summarised: Ia-IIa-IIIa; Poulantzas's depiction of Lojkine's view is Ib-IVa. Poulantzas's stated view is Ia-IIa-IVb; whereas Lojkine's depiction of it is IIb-IIIb. Both writers hold statement Ia. While Lojkine does not accuse Poulantzas of holding Ib, the reverse is not true. Poulantzas in fact argues that Ib entails IVa and that Lojkine holds both (but) Poulantzas is incorrect in arguing that IVa is implied by Ib.

It was at about this point, while the other participants were delightedly picking paradoxes from the text, that my trouble started. I began thinking about rats. Opinions differ about whether or not there are more of them in Glasgow since the dustcart drivers' strike; and the Strathclyde area survey has not got round to counting them or even to evaluating perceptions of rodent infestation. But there was a dead one on the pavement up my street last week, just round the corner from some derelict university housing occupied by battered mothers and their children. The rat stayed there for some days, but the real problem is getting rid of them while they're alive. I remembered a young woman from Maryhill describing at an extra-mural meeting in February how she'd rung up the sanitary because of the rats in the close (she had a small daughter). The sanitary man had come in his overcoat and hat, carrying a briefcase, from which he took a tin and a spoon. Propping his case against the wall, he'd stood there scattering stuff on the ground: standing up, she mimed, with a Bic pen, the sanny man scattering rat poison. 'Come oan, rats, yer tea's oot,' she said. They should use bombs, she thought.

Poulantzas and Lojkine are agreed, the speaker had indicated, in rejecting 'the problematic of the subject; the conventional wisdom of political science and sociology, which treats actors as fundamental units . . . In contrast they argue that social practices are determined by economic, political and ideological structures, and by their articulated unity within a social formation . . . what is observable ("represented interest") e.g. social movements, group actions, does not necessarily coincide with objective interests.'

It took us 11 months to persuade some of the old ladies around the back court to sign the application for an improvement grant under the 1969 Act. If you looked along the walls, you could see them bulging (the walls) and on the lower side, where Glasgow rain had been running for 90 years, you could put your hand in between the bricks up to your wrist. The back lane was filthy from dogs, cats, and humans: the manhole cover was so decrepit that a child could easily put a hand down and touch the cables. The old ladies were obsessed with security. In fact, the new railings and gates will at least stand up but you can sympathise with their worries about burglars.

For purposes of political strategy, they were saying, it was important to determine whether or not state intervention tends to exacerbate or to regulate social contradictions. On page 12, the speaker had written that 'the basic role of the state is to ensure the cohesion of the instances of the social formation . . . the state is the locus of condensation of contradictions.'

The police say that most of the burglars are kids. But, again in Maryhill, there was the case of the girl who battered a woman of 86 to death: from the report it seemed that she'd just lost her temper with the old lady while robbing her. They'd lived very near each other. There was the same mystery about the boy in the Castlemilk flats who pulled away glass screening in order to throw a six-year-old child to its death. Both delinquents were in their teens. At least the police get some laughs from the middle classes: a CID man told a friend of mine that he'd noticed that people tend to change from the *Guardian* to the *Telegraph* after a break-in.

The irrelevance of locality to a correct understanding of the struggle between social forces was being massively emphasised as I shook myself awake. (I had dreamt that Lojkine and Poulantzas were in fact the pseudonyms of rival candidates for the *mairie* of Roanne (pop. 25,000): they were thus in the well-developed tradition of fictitious continental Marxist authors whose works have never, amazingly enough, been available in English translation, despite their crucial contributions to phenomenology and services to footnoting.)

Anyway, the word 'locality' had, as they say, synthesised a latent insight in my mind: namely, that there was a *systematic* and *structural* relationship between location and the conceptualisation of the problematic ('le problematique théoretique', as the French methodologist was saying as the seminar broke up for tea and bickies). All the principal Marxologists at the conference were from the metropolis or from such exclusively proletarian agglomerations as Canterbury, Brighton, Oxford and Bath ('I have joined IS in Bath', a friend had confided gravely the night before). In these centres, in the universities, and south of the Trent, Marxist theory is achieving impressive philosophical advances. But that is all.

The trouble is that it is in the big cities, outside the universities, and north of the Trent, that the so-called 'British crisis' is occurring. Those who anticipate the crisis of capitalism are not the same as those who are experiencing it. But no doubt the

Roger Woddis

Everything Degenerates

'Everything is good when it leaves the Creator's hands; everything degenerates in the hands of man.' – Rousseau.

Everything? Well, not quite perhaps,
But when we get a minor lapse,
A politician said to figure
In something sure to raise a snigger,
A film, no doubt, left better hid
(But not in colour, God forbid!),
We're bound to wonder who's the bloke;
If there's no fire, then why the smoke?
Meanwhile, Ambassador de Wet
Observes the usual etiquette.

What people do behind closed doors
Is neither my concern nor yours;
Degeneration is no crime
(A drop more laager with your lime?),
Unless, of course, you're 'Mr X',
With nonconformist tastes in sex,
In which case we can hardly wait
To see this latest Watergate;
A movie is a movie still.
Though only shot on 16 mil.

When Russouw (Johan, not Jean-Jacques)
Declared no interest in the muck,
He showed a proper sense of form
And rectitude beyond the norm.
A pornographic picture-show?
Pretoria wouldn't sink so low,
And all this talk of BOSS and smears
Is bound to end in court or tears,
While Scotland Yard's investigations
Add to the gaiety of nations.

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bourgeois state will be able to subsidise the further refinement of Poulantzian and Althusserian studies for a bit yet, so let's not be provincial (though it must be admitted that the railway from Nottingham to Glasgow is lined with unmistakably provincial decaying factories, crumbling provincial terraces, and vandalised provincial housing estates). After all, theory and praxis are one and I suspect that there is a depressingly *lumpen* attitude towards Marxism and structuralism in Glasgow just now. Some workers may never have heard of Poulantzas, I gather. But then they have probably never heard of Julien Benda either. But then again, that doesn't matter, because Benda was wrong: it wasn't (if I might trespass into the language of the sacred texts) *trahison*. It was *impuissance*. And it still is.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Never on a Sunday

Among the innumerable sharp joys and pangs of parenthood used to be the arrival, for those with children away at boarding schools, of the 'Sunday letter', a letter written painfully and under duress, two sides obligatory, and not in hoarding-size writing either. No Sunday tuck until the letter was completed and handed in:

> On Wednesday we played Eastleigh House. We lost 4-0. Watson was caned for laughing during prayers. On Saturday we played Moreton Grange. We lost 3-1. Watson has been sent home. He caught the 10.15 and had to change trains at Bletchley.

The letters reached home on Monday and cheered up the week. But not any more. Sunday letters, now collected on Monday, arrive on Tuesday, if expensively stamped. Otherwise they turn up in God's good time, and your guess is as good as mine. How dare they remove the Sunday post, apparently without any public discussion or the faintest reference or thought to the public's convenience or wishes, one asks, but answer comes there none.

Or will there be an answer? When last I had occasion to draw attention, as though a nudge were needed, to the declining delights of the postal services, it was on *Any Questions*? We were an unlikely quartet – Edward du Cann, Sue MacGregor (that nice link-lady from *Woman's Hour*), Jack Jones and I, gathered together in an agreeable comprehensive school at Plymouth. As listeners to this long-running programme (one of the few to go out 'live') will know, it's a mistake ever to answer the questions too precisely. Then you don't get anywhere. Vague rambles round the subject are the thing to aim at. Indeed, I found myself vaguely rambling about the Post Office and the, then, fairly recent installation of a special parcel post from one side of Brighton to the other. I was by no means in favour of it.

In due course I received a wounded letter (copy to David Jacobs) from the 'Managing Director' of the Post Office in person. Very grand writing-paper. Address: 'Postal Headquarters', St Martin's-le-Grand, London, all in black. In addition, to make everything crystal clear, there were the words POST OFFICE, surmounted by a handsome likeness of a crown, the whole heavily embossed (and at what cost?) in red. The envelope was similarly embossed and of generous size, measuring $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It came, of course, by first class post, those positively working in the Post Office knowing better than to have any truck with the limping old $6\frac{1}{2}$p batch.

The burden of the Managing Director's polite but huffy cry was to ask me to check my facts in future. I had called the Brighton service the 'High Speed Post'. Actually, he explained, it is called 'Speedpost'. There now! Clumsy me. Many more postal items whizz, it seems, to and fro than I had suggested and the service has now settled down at 'a satisfactory level'. Hooray! Cheers for the Speedpost. I take the word 'satisfactory' to mean, also, profitable. But if this is such a riproaring triumph, why then has this novelty not been repeated up and down the country?

Here at 'Myrtlebank' we shall need something to recompense us for the loss of our Sunday post. Country people write few letters in the week and are busy in other ways. Sunday letter-writing is, with us, a general practice and the absence of the Sunday collection is a real hardship. It was part of the Sunday routine of our enchanting Devon village of Appleton – grilled sausages, Matins with sermon, a glass of warm sherry with Colonel and Mrs Bultitude, and then out with the Basildon. Two or three cheery, chatty missives, lunch, and then, after whistling up Spot, that pleasant stroll ('Afternoon, Vicar') to the box.

Very well then. If we can't have our Sunday collection, why not our very own Speedpost? Why should Brighton be so pampered and singled out for special treatment? It already has so much – the sea, the invigorating air, the Pavilion, Dama Flora Robson and Douglas Byng. I live in what might be called West Appleton and my dear old Cousin Madge (a lively 85) resides in East Appleton, a distance away of fully 300 yards. It would be a great convenience to be able to send her speedy parcels of, when in season, fresh vegetables or other comforts. My neighbours at 'Dunroamin' could bring similar joys to their chums at 'Valley View'.

Stories of postal shortcomings and disasters are now as frequently exchanged as were, during the war, bomb stories. Here, there is a letter that took 18 days to travel one and a half miles. There, is a parcel, soggy and evil-smelling, of tasty vegetables that were five weeks on the way. I myself never cease to point out that now, even after putting on an $8\frac{1}{2}$p stamp to give a fair wind to some deathless piece of prose or other, I have to ring up the recipient, in a flurry of breathy apologies, to make sure that it has actually arrived. Most people have harrowing tales of important postal items that have just simply 'disappeared' – torn up, perhaps, by fatigued deliverers, or opened in hope of financial gain, or burnt, or thrown under a hedge, or, in cases of extreme hunger, eaten.

Two friends of mine, both entirely reliable informants, have odd experiences to pass on. One of them was, at Christmastime, outraged to observe a temporary postman, working of course without supervision, setting out with a full bag of mail to deliver. Imagining himself unseen, he moved briskly to the nearest pillar-box, tipped the whole lot into it, lit up a fag and headed happily for home. The other friend works in a ground-floor bank in Oxford Street, and hearing one day somebody floundering about among the first-floor offices, went up to investigate. There he found a bemused, black postman peering at doors and the names on them. My friend, a kindly man, lent a hand, advising the postman to read first, before bothering to come upstairs, the list of names of firms at the street entrance. 'But I can't', said the black man apologetically, 'read.'

The Post Office has, as we indeed know to our cost, a Publicity Department which every now and then takes a full-page newspaper advertisement and tells me how to telephone to Hong Kong. Presumably there is also a department which deals with incoming information from the public. But the best thing really would be for that Managing Director to stop writing me really rather trifling letters and wander out into the streets near St Martin's-le-Grand. There let him ask the first ten people he meets about their opinions of the current postal services. Or he would be welcome any time. under heavy guard, at 'Myrtlebank'.

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Letters to the Editor

The Thorpe/Scott Letters

Sir, My attention has been drawn to a singularly inept and ill-advised statement in last week's NEW STATESMAN, attributed to Crucifer. The author of the statement, while clearly realising that the copyright in the letters he refers to lies with Mr Thorpe, also clearly realises that there was another claimant to the letters, Mr Scott. I was rightly advised that if both parties claimed the letters my only course was to issue interpleader proceedings and let the court determine the issue as to who was entitled to possession of the letters, which had been in the possession of the Metropolitan Police since 1962 – when they had been handed over by Mr Scott. Messrs Goodman Derrick & Company, acting on behalf of Mr Thorpe, could hardly be asked whether they wished to claim or disclaim on their client's behalf without knowing what was in the letters, which were both in manuscript on House of Commons notepaper, and it was therefore reasonable to assume that no copies were retained by Mr Thorpe. It was therefore essential to supply Messrs Goodman Derrick & Company with photostat copies of the letters, whereas the handing over of photostat copies to Messrs Crosse & Crosse, the solicitors acting for Mr Scott, would have been tantamount to handing over the originals which Mr Scott could then have used for any purpose he wished. I acted on legal advice and strictly in accordance with the law. I regret that Crucifer should have seen fit to make a totally false point about there being one standard for the 'influential' and another for the 'insignificant'.

ROBERT MARK
Commissioner

Metropolitan Police
New Scotland Yard
London SW1

Scientology and Secrecy

Sir, James Michael's article regarding Scientologists and Government (NS 14 May) deserves a reply. Mr Michael would seem to be of the opinion that reform in society should only be sought by those who are considered 'respectable' and 'popular'.

While Scientology is the fastest growing religion in the world (according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) it is also, I believe, highly respectable in its professional and ethical standards. Of course our UK 'image' could be improved. In 1968 Scientologists were found guilty without trial by a certain faction within the Government and the media. The charge was that we were 'socially harmful'. Since that time not one scrap of evidence that would hold up in court has been produced to substantiate that charge. And yet the DHSS, Home Office spokesmen and Sir Robert Mark himself have all refused meetings and flatly refused to produce any facts. Sir Robert Mark refused in writing in August 1975 even to receive correction material from the Church regarding a blatantly slanderous report circulated widely by Interpol but originating from Scotland Yard and containing erroneous data from the FBI.

However, it would seem that James Michael's concept of what a reformer should be like is way off the historical beam. The people that are producing in society should be judged by what they produce not by hearsay rumours and unsubstantiated reports. It is also not popular in the UK to raise the matter of racial discrimination resulting from the Arab boycott precautions on Jewish firms.

Looking at this analytically we see that something *needs* to be done and our rationale rightly or wrongly is that responsibility begins with the individual. Where does it end? That is a philosophical question but should not ultimately mankind in general take responsibility for the evils in society? We get involved in causes such as Freedom of Information and inhumane psychiatric treatment which may not be popular with the Establishment or the vested interests. Our other sin is that we have alienated some powerful media people, by a stiff-necked willingness to take the remedies available by law and thus drawing all the moral outrage of a violated harlot.

The gravamen of James Michael's argument is that we have risked tainting Freedom of Information with our supposed unpopularity. I doubt that the argument is valid since the Members of Parliament on the committee have actually increased in number since the symposium on 29 April. The issue of Freedom of Information is now well enough known to continue without those Scientologists who have offered their resignations and an awareness exists, as Andrew Bowden MP said on 3 May, 'Certain forces, and I am not quite sure where they emanate from, in fact are using this question of the membership of Scientology by a number of active members of the committee, to get at the whole object and aims of the Freedom of Information Committee – and that does concern me.'

Freedom of Information helps to shred the paper curtain of bureaucracy that covers up public mismanagement with public misinformation and secret sins with secret silence. Those who believe that only the 'nice' should be involved in such an issue have missed the point completely. Historically in terms of admiration and popularity on matters of social reform it has been repeatedly shown that the applause comes *much* much later in the game.

PAMELA HURWITZ

Saint Hill Manor
East Grinstead, Sussex

Sir, James Michael is probably the most informed person in Britain today on the subject of Freedom of Information. I agree with him that 'such a statute would be very useful to organisations of all persuasions and ultimately help to make British government more truly democratic'.

I must declare my interest. I am a Scientologist. It is a pity that the excellent speeches of Harold Evans and Jean Jacques Blais, the Canadian MP were not reported. If 'open government' promised by both parties is to be made a reality, the substance of a Freedom of Information Act, giving the individual the right to inspect and correct governmental data, under whatever English euphemism, will be needed.

The Australian Federal Parliament has asked their Law Commission to investigate the subject and submit draft legislation on Privacy and Freedom of Information, which by the terms of reference would include provisions on the collection, recording or storage of information by government departments, authorities, corporations and persons and the communication of such information to any government department or to any authority, corporation or person.

The Australian Computer Society has recommended that an individual should have 'the right to challenge by personal appearance and/or with legal advisers in a court or administrative tribunal, the validity or relevance of data on him and to add explanatory information.'

In Canada the government of Pierre Trudeau appointed a Select Committee to study the subject and to submit proposals for draft legislation. In the Old Commonwealth the tide is flowing in favour of a Freedom of Information and Protection of Privacy legislation. The question is, how soon will Britain change its law to honour the election pledges of both major political parties? Trust is a two-way street.

LENSWORTH SMALL
59-61 Atlantic Road, Brixton
London SW9

Lockheed Confusions

Sir, On a visit to Washington a couple of weeks ago I found that there is so much confusion over what Lockheed did and did not do in the way of corrupting the rest of the world that the drive to clean up international business practices may sputter to a halt. It saddens me to see one of my favourite reporters, Murray Sayle, add to the misinformation.

In his NS article of 14 May he says that 'agencies of the Central Intelligence Committee, forerunner of the CIA,' arrested Kodama. There has never been such an organisation. Kodama was arrested by the US Army's counter-intelligence corps, the 'CIC', an organisation of sergeants and corporals roughly similar to the British 'FSP' which operated openly, had no agents, and performed simple security functions. It was in no sense a forerunner of today's CIA, nor was it in any way connected with the CIA's predecessor organisation the OSS – which, it happens, was kept out of Japan by General MacArthur.

Kodama was in no sense a 'war criminal'. He was put in Sugamo Prison because he was in an 'automatic arrest category' by virtue of the position he held, not because of any dossier on him. The only information in US military intelligence files at the time of Japan's surrender was the fact that he had been a 'contact' (not quite an 'agent') of Paul Blum's 'Chrysanthemum' group which operated, first, under the American military attaché before Pearl Harbour and later, under General Willoughby when he became G-2 on MacArthur's staff. Kodama was released as soon as his identity was known.

Finally, Mr Sayle has made uncharacteristically loose use of such epithets as 'underworld' and 'gangster'. True, we called Japanese right-wingers all sorts of names during the war and in some circles it is fashionable to do so now. It happens, however, that those whom Mr Sayle mentions in his article had a great deal to do with Japan's spectacular post-war recovery. Maybe Britain could do with a few like them.

MILES COPELAND
21 Marlborough Place
London NW8

Helpful Suggestion?

Sir, I have followed the devolution debate in your pages with great interest, albeit somewhat belatedly because I receive my NEW STATESMAN five weeks after publication. It appears that the British Government is anxious to create Bantustans for Scotsmen and Welshmen. Since the previous attempt at this solution of your racial problems – in Ireland shortly after the first world war – has been something less than an unqualified success it follows that the subject requires very careful consideration before positive action is taken.

The Government of this country has been following just such a policy for two decades with considerable success. During this time it has gained great experience and has implemented schemes ranging from limited self-government, as in Kwa Zulu, to complete independence, to be granted to the Transkei in October next. While, as a foreigner, I would

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not presume to advise Britain how to formulate policy, it does seem that in this case your government could advantageously seek the advice and guidance of Mr Vorster and his colleagues. I am sure it would be given willingly.

SIMON BARBER

10 Finsbury Avenue
Newlands, Cape Town

Sir, Although the advertisement by the Club of Ten (NS 7 May) was an outright political attack on the British Government, it advocated separate development which is itself the essence of apartheid in South Africa. As such it was highly racialist. Mr Ennals, the then Minister of State at the Foreign Office, recognised this when he indicated that the new independent Transkei would be unlikely to fulfil Britain's criteria for recognition of an independent state.

SHADRACK E. MUNISI

12 Mirabel Road
London SW6

Words and Meanings

Sir, Kingsley Amis is 54, intelligent and is a good writer. Sorry: Kingsley Amis is 54, intelligent and writes well. Or should it be: Kingsley Amis is 54 and intelligent and is a good writer? Anyway, you get what I mean. Which makes it all the more interesting that he made this particular reader go 'Uh?' by writing that he had 'knocked out' 600 trenchant words in your pages. I thought he meant that he had deleted 600 words from a longer article until I hiccuped in the realisation that all he meant was that he had *written* 600 words.

The fact – almost undeniable if not irrefutable – is that there is hardly a page in a book that will stand up to microscopic analysis of this sort. The most uncommunicative you-knower can make his meaning clear in speech by the *way* in which he speaks, but exact meaning is much more difficult to pin down on paper. When I was editing books, I soon learned that although style and correct usage help to clarify, they should always be subordinate to meaning, and, paradoxically, they have occasionally to be sacrificed in the interests of clarity.

Dare I, in this context, recommend a book published by my own company – *Strictly Speaking* by Edwin Newman? Although of American origin, I am sure it will amuse, if not instruct, some of your readers.

JEFFREY SIMMONS

W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd
London W1

Worse than Concorde

Sir, Andrew Wilson's article on Concorde (NS 7 May) is full of resounding phrases: 'conspiracy of silence'; 'hoodwinking the public'; 'far-reaching social questions'; 'admit the mistakes and abandon dishonest and incongruous postures . . .' All good strong stuff. But Concorde is as good as dead, and if one is really concerned about the conspiracies of the aerospace industry one must look to the project that will dominate the industry for the next decade and cost us over two thousand million pounds – probably, in the end, twice as much as Concorde. This, of course, is the Multi-Role Combat Aircraft, built by the Anglo-German-Italian Panavia consortium.

The MRCA has become as much of a media pet as the Concorde ever was. A few days ago, on the nine o'clock news, one saw the BBC's defence correspondent, positively glowing with enthusiasm, decribe the MRCA in terms which suggested it had just won for us the Battle of Britain. It was hard to believe he was talking about a prototype, with a long history of engine problems, which has yet to prove itself in service or in combat.

There are several possible objections to the MRCA. Some say it is just too expensive. Some see it as the first step towards a European military-industrial complex. The Ministry of Defence, rather more down to earth, has expressed the view that the interceptor version of the MRCA, which is being developed for Britain alone, may be obsolete by the time it enters service in the 1980s – certainly the Russian Backfire-B supersonic strategic bomber, which is already in service, can fly higher and just as fast as the MRCA.

The latest estimates released by Panavia show that an ordinary MRCA will cost £5.29m., and our interceptor, £6.5m. What they keep rather quiet about is the fact that if the interceptor is cancelled – which is not improbable – the cost of the ordinary MRCA will jump dramatically. In other words, our £6.5m. planes are subsidising the £5.29m. planes which are being supplied in vast numbers to Germany and Italy, as well as to the RAF. This means that pressure is being put on the British government, particularly by Germany, to buy the interceptor MRCA, whether it suits our needs or not. We are said to be buying 165 of them, which adds up to £1,072.5m. – not far short of the £1,400m. spent on Concorde.

While we go on kicking the dying Concorde, facts such as these seldom emerge. The press – with the honourable exception of the *Financial Times*, which ran a highly critical editorial on 8 March – is either silent or sycophantic. For this sycophancy at its worst, for an article that totally ignores the wider social questions and attempts to hoodwink the public by striking a number of incongruous and dishonest postures, I suggest you turn to 'Zooming BAC to land biggest-ever jet contract' in the *Observer*, 21 March. The author is Andrew Wilson.

CHRIS JONES

47 Blomfield Road
London W9

The Law's Delays

Sir, The Labour Party's roadshow at Blyth became more colourful on 14 May, when Newcastle-upon-Tyne Crown Court announced that the trial of John Ryman MP, for corrupt practices over expenses in the general election of October 1974, will open in September of this year.

Without treading on matters *sub judice*, is it in the interests of the Labour Party, the reputation of law or the people of Blyth that a charge of this nature is so long dragged out? The charge was laid in November 1975, and Mr Ryman has insisted that he will not vote in Parliament while litigation is pending. Reporting restrictions have still not been lifted.

No one pretends that constituency interests do not suffer during this suspension, and it is incomprehensible that Labour supporters who care for local party health have tolerated this reduction of Blyth by attrition. The Representation of the People Act should be amended so that similar attenuation can never be repeated.

R. P. T. HINES

56 Warkworth Terrace
Cambridge

Kofi Awoonor

Sir, May I be allowed the courtesy of your columns to appeal to your readers on behalf of Dr Kofi Awoonor, the distinguished Ghanaian poet, novelist, scholar and lecturer? Dr Awoonor returned to his native Ghana last September on a one year sabbatical from his post at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. On 31 December he was arrested in his rooms at the University of Cape Coast and since that date has been held incommunicado in jail in Accra.

Many of your readers may have known Dr Awoonor under his 'school' name of George Awoonor Williams when he studied for his MA as a Longmans Fellow at University College London in 1968: others may know him from his numerous publications both in this country and in America. If any of your readers would be prepared to write a couple of letters on his behalf I would be most grateful if they would contact me. At this stage we are merely asking for information such as what charges will he face, when will he be tried, to what address may we send him letters, may he write to us, who are his family and legal representatives in Ghana etc. Whilst none of his friends believe he has been involved in any political activity, we have all written without prejudice to his possible guilt or innocence merely to obtain information. Despite reports to the contrary our letters to the Ghanaian High Commissioner in London and the Ghanaian Head of State in Accra have all remained unanswered.

ROGER GUEDALLA

79 Wellwood Road
Ilford
Essex

Tech Fodder

Sir, I'm not too sure of the points Tom Forester is trying to make (NS 7 May), but I am sure that it would take an article the length of the NEW STATESMAN to attempt a fair assessment of the work of the 'techs'. Just to take up one or two points: the 'poor part-time lecturer' for example, is paid a minimum of well over £4 an hour; if schools, 'traditionally', do much better at 'O' and 'A' level, then so be it. In fact, they don't. Certainly the results from the tech where I work bear comparison with those from schools. I suppose it depends on what you mean by 'much'. Concerning Ron – how hard did Tom Forester try to help? Most techs run courses for adult illiterates, and most techs are very responsive to local needs – they have to be to survive.

More seriously, local technical colleges are in many ways the only educational institutions really trying to grapple with the problems of providing an education relevant to ordinary people. This is partly because they are constantly dealing with the 'failures' of the school system; partly because they are not dominated by university curricula that have bedevilled the schools for generations. Most important, though, they are mainly concerned with vocational education, with relating real needs to real educational processes, without being patronising, narrow, or over-specialised. Perhaps for these reasons contact with the tech provides, for many, their first meaningful experience of the education system.

Maybe 'Borchester Tech' can't do much to change society or to end social inequality (a chimera that has been conventional wisdom on the liberal Left for too long anyway) – but, if it's typical, it's doing its best to work out a curriculum that at least has some meaning to its students. I would have expected a sociologist to look beyond his classroom door before putting pen to paper in a series of ill-digested generalisations.

ROY E. BOFFY

49 Canterbury Road
Penn, Wolverhampton

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BOOKS & ARTS

Anthony Howard

. . . In the Woodshed

The Final Days by BOB WOODWARD and CARL BERNSTEIN *Secker & Warburg* £4.90

The Watergate break-in took place on 17 June 1972: President Nixon left the White House on 9 August 1974. In no sense was the break-in the first (or sole) activity undertaken by the Nixon 'dirty tricks' department; the burgling of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, the 'Canuck' letter that effectively ended the Muskie campaign in New Hampshire four years ago, the 'laundering' of CREEP funds in Mexico – all took place well before McCord, three Cubans and one other American were discovered at 2.30 a.m. in the offices of the Democratic National Committee one Saturday in June 1972. Past, unhappy, far-off things? Perhaps – but arguably relevant when Henry Kissinger (of all people) can attack this book for its 'indecent lack of compassion'. Even J. K. Galbraith seemed to be suggesting the other day that it was somehow wrong, or at least unadventurous, for Woodward and Bernstein 'to chew over once more the already well-documented misfeasance, malfeasance, general sleaziness and low-grade rascality of Richard Nixon'.

But is it? After all, two years is a long time for a President to be able to turn the White House into a modern version of the Alamo. The game should surely have been up at least by 30 April 1973 – when Nixon was forced to sacrifice Haldeman and Ehrlichman ('two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know'); but it wasn't – it dragged on for another 15 months. How that happened – and the conduct of the various people who conspired to make it possible – is, one might have thought, a perfectly proper field for journalistic inquiry. The bare bones of the story may be all there in the tapes and the transcripts, but Woodward and Bernstein are the first people to flesh them out into a 'human interest' narrative.

And that, of course, is now charged as their second sin. Even men like Alistair Cooke tell us today that they want their political reporting 'straight'. Woodward and Bernstein are accused of embellishment – of seeking to give their story an air of bogus authenticity by presenting details about the minds and moods of their characters to which only a novelist is normally permitted access. 'How do they know, were they there?' comes the relentless refrain. Of course they weren't – any more than Theodore H. White was there when, for example, he wrote of Nixon (whom he, too, had not met) at the time of his television debates with Kennedy in 1960:

> For Nixon the period of the debates was an ordeal he must simply endure to the end, and his normally volatile spirit plunged into gloom as he waited for its end.

Nor are outsiders the only 'offenders' in this respect. Arthur Schlesinger Jr, a member of the Kennedy White House, included at least in the serialisation of his book *A Thousand Days* an account of how at the height of the Bay of Pigs crisis in 1961 John F. Kennedy entered his bedroom, 'put his head into his hands and almost sobbed' – only finally to be comforted by his wife whom he 'took in his arms'. No one, I hope, is claiming that Professor Schlesinger was actually there for that scene. Are we, then, to conclude that 'intrusion' is justified when what it is purporting to describe is something beautiful and moving and only impermissible when the scenes it holds up to the public gaze are nasty and disreputable? Is there, in fact, one law for what we may as well call 'boudoir writing' and quite another for 'woodshed investigation'? Should we, indeed, promulgate a principle by which journalists are doing their proper job when they minister to the 'glamour' of politics and are derelict in their duty only when they insist on focusing on its seamier side? It might be as well if we did! For it is very hard to see any other distinction between the praise that was showered on Theodore H. White in 1961 for 'bringing politics to life' and the opprobrium that is now 15 years later being heaped on Woodward and Bernstein for 'wallowing in the private turmoil and indignity of the Nixon family'.

It is not even as if the Nixon family are the prime casualties of *The Final Days*. The two sons-in-law, David Eisenhower and Edward Cox (both of whom clearly talked to the authors), come across as fundamentally decent, if slightly ineffective, young men; Julie Eisenhower as a strong-minded and courageous girl, plainly her father's favourite (which makes his readiness to allow her to make a fool of herself in his defence all the more inexplicable); the other daughter, Tricia, as someone much more like her mother – shy, insecure and always dreading the public limelight; while by the end of the book's 456 pages, it is hard to avoid feeling some sense of pity even for Mr Nixon himself. Certainly when, after his famous praying and sobbing scene with Henry Kissinger in the Lincoln sitting-room, he rings up his Secretary of State and pleads, 'Henry, please don't ever tell anyone that I cried and that I was not strong', it is not for Mr Nixon that one feels contempt but rather for the recipient of the call, who presumably can be the only source for the story.

If the book substantially damages anyone's reputation, it is indeed Dr Kissinger's. His pathological jealousy of General Haig, his secret (or not so secret) contempt for the President who created him, the pleasure he took in humiliating Secretary of State Rodgers – all add up to a composite picture of a man whose defects of character at least matched those of his master. He used, we are told, actually to counsel his closest aides that deviousness was an expected part of their jobs:

> 'You systems-analysis people have too much integrity,' he told one of them. 'This is not an honourable business conducted by honourable men in an honourable way. Don't assume that I'm that way . . .'.

It is scarcely an assumption that anyone will be in much future danger of making.

A more puzzling case is that of General Haig. Clearly he did his duty as he saw it. He, in fact, held the whole White House together and kept the critics and the sleuths at bay – much as the second Mrs Woodrow Wilson did after her husband's stroke in 1919. But, as with her, it is hard to resist the conclusion that in doing so he grossly exceeded his function. When, for example, as late as 25 April 1974, Haig (merely as the White House chief of staff) dressed down the entire cabinet for not giving the President sufficient support – and urged them to go out to the country to proclaim his 'innocence' – something rather weird had clearly happened to the US Constitution.

There is also the bothering question of just how far General Haig was involved, if certainly not in the original 'cover up', then at least in the prolonged concealment of the President's guilt. Until the very end he would not have known anything for certain; but the cumulative impression is of a man taking fairly good care not to find out. Part of his difficulty may well have been that the Nixon White House seems to have been singularly ill-served by lawyers. Mr J. Fred Buzhardt and Mr James St Clair may have been 'sent for' as help-meets to the President but they appear to have been just about as efficient and effective in their duties as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were with Hamlet – outwitted every time by the Special Prosecutor, Mr Jaworski, and unable to gain access to, let alone get the confidence of, their client, Mr Nixon. In fact, if the book has a hero, it is General Haig – if only because he contrived to keep his head while all about him were losing theirs. And not just figuratively either. While the rest of the members of the Nixon White House staff have all long since limped back to private life – or, like Ehrlichman and Haldeman are still waiting to go to prison – General Haig is today the imperturbable heir of Gruenther and Eisenhower as the Supreme Commander of Nato.

That, however, is hardly the kind of postscript likely to dismay either Woodward or Bernstein. They are barely any longer recognisable as the two Young Lochinvars breathlessly communicating the excitement of their journalistic chase in *All the President's Men*. Now they, too, are men of the world – with a ready understanding of political infirmities. But to say that is not to minimise, as some have done, their current achievement. They have produced a compelling personal story which, while it may occasionally romanticise individual incidents, does nothing at all to glamourise the American political process. And that is more than can be said for Theodore H. White, Arthur Schlesinger Jr – or any of the other recent cosmetic merchants of instant American political history.

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Hilary Spurling

Smokescreen

Walter Sickert by DENYS SUTTON *Michael Joseph* £10.50

Sickert was one of those charming, convivial, dazzlingly dry and very peculiar souls on whom the Nineties left an indelible mark. He acted at the Lyceum with Irving. He charmed Virginia Woolf and sold paintings to Robert de Montesquiou. He was friends with Beerbohm and Degas – indeed for a while he seems to have known practically everyone who was anyone in Paris or London – and he was Whistler's pupil in more fields than one. Whistler had lured him away from the Slade ('You've wasted your money, Walter; there's no use wasting your time too!') and nearly thirty years later Sickert said blandly to a student of his own, required by the terms of her grant to do time at the Slade: 'You cannot serve God and Mammon.'

Women adored him (and he was as happy taking tripe and onions in her bedroom with a lesser light from an outlying music hall as making polite love to Lady Eden). He was capital company, reckless, feckless and odd. Glimpses of Sickert when young – 'Sickert is barley coloured, gritty with an uncouth sensitiveness in his features, and humour he keeps in a strong box' – show already the invincible crankiness celebrated in portraits by Osbert Sitwell and Enid Bagnold, or in Hugh Walpole's late description of an inquisitive, Aubrey-like ancient pottering round his studio ('which is dirty, tumble-down, Camden Town, Charlie Peace, pubs and cabbages') and drawing his visitor after him into a densely packed, richly coloured world of his own.

Sickert had also that streak of melancholy which afflicted the gayest of the gay in the Nineties, from John to Gerald du Maurier or Beerbohm himself. It made rare but drastic appearances: when he was forty he shaved off his hair to spite the disobliging (and presumably jealous) small daughter of one of his more respectable mistresses; and he did it again in his sixty-first year to give vent to his feelings as he sat watching by his second wife's deathbed. He himself once described the 'agonies of fear' and nervous apprehension which drove him sometimes 'to a pitch of madness', and which he took such elaborate pains to conceal: 'It all doesn't show, because *I consume my own smoke.*'

Strains and dissatisfactions were the last things Sickert cared to reveal but one can think of a good many reasons for both. He was after all the half-German son of an illegitimate mother at a time when such drawbacks counted for much. He zigzagged throughout his career between high and low life, Bohemians and philistines, England and the continent, the classical tradition and the contemporary avant-garde; and it was perhaps the knowledge, or suspicion, that he never fully reconciled these strands in

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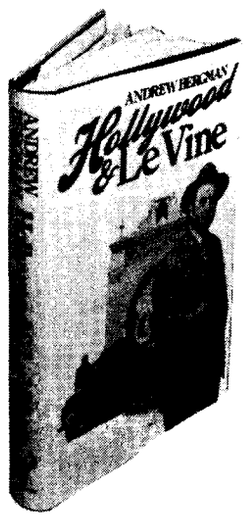

Hollywood & LeVine
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his painting ('half-way between London and Paris can never be far wrong', as he said of a plan to build a studio at Dieppe) which made him often perverse in his judgment of others.

These are all paths which might have led behind the delicately constructed façade to the underground sources where Sickert worked, crannies into which Denys Sutton is far too chivalrous to peer. He sticks firmly to the line laid down by Sickert himself – 'a painter must be judged by his canvases and not by his patter' – but, considering perhaps rightly that a biography is no place for judging the canvases, seldom rises much above the level of the paradoxes propounded on his first page:

> Why was it that this wit, who had such success with women and in polite society, often used such sombre colour in his paintings? . . . Sickert enjoyed painting low life, but he was not a socialist . . . Why was he a man of many masks?

The faint-hearted tone makes it plain that these questions are not so much unanswerable as ones with which Mr Sutton has no intention of tangling. This is a biography that belongs defiantly to the old school, hoisting flags marked brevity, tact, discretion at every brink it approaches. It is easy to understand Mr Sutton's vexation with the often naïve psychology, ludicrously pedantic detail and top-heavy documentation favoured by modern transatlantic scholarship. But it makes him deal rather too briskly with successive personal crises from Sickert's first marriage ('not much is known about Sickert's private life at this time'), to his mistresses ('little is known in any detail about Sickert's love life'), his divorce ('there are sides to this affair that remain obscure') and his bungled wedding to a girl ('her name now seems to be forgotten') who left him for another at the Registrar's Office.

Of the effects of the Great War, we are told only that 'air raids upset Sickert' and he didn't care for the food. On more congenial subjects Mr Sutton writes in a kind of exclamatory shorthand ('What a splendid sight it must have been to have seen the lions gathered together!' 'How attractive it must have proved to visit this studio!' 'How rich in memories the visit to the show must have been for him!') which is scarcely more helpful. He leads Sickert out for all the world like an encouraging, defensive, proprietor nanny, urging on his charge with appreciative asides ('The man of masks had a heart!'), pats on the back ('Once again the realist speaks out!') and a continuous murmur of plaintive wonderment at the tales he told, the scrapes he got into, the social heights he managed to scale. As an efficient catalogue, replete with external information about the painter's career, the dates of exhibitions, the provenance and current whereabouts of canvases, this book is indispensable. But a life which takes so little account of either the paintings or the patter (even Sickert's witticisms barely survive in this bald, bleak setting) turns its subject into a somewhat forlorn, dispiriting and unrecognisably dull dog.

David Caute

Eye-Witness in Hell

A Time to Die by TOM WICKER *Bodley Head* £5.95

On 9 September 1971, 1,281 prisoners in Attica prison overpowered their guards (fatally injuring one of them), took 40 hostages among prison officers, barricaded themselves into D-yard, where they rapidly established a disciplinary and administrative power structure, and began a revolt which was to last four days. This insurrection came as no surprise to New York State Commissioner of Correctional Services (prisons) Russell G. Oswald, following as it did a knife-edge summer during which the 'Attica Liberation Faction' issued 27 demands calling for an end to 'brutal, dehumanised' conditions. Indeed Attica was not a place fit for human beings, holding as it did some 2,250 prisoners in a facility suitable for a maximum of 1,600, and subjecting these prisoners to constant bullying, racial abuse, censorship, poor nourishment, medical neglect and religious humiliation. When news came through in August that George Jackson had been shot while supposedly attempting to escape from San Quentin in California, the inmates of Attica staged a fast and a silent protest. The tinder was dry.

The call to Attica came to Tom Wicker, associate editor and thrice-weekly political columnist of the *New York Times* while he was enjoying a gourmet lunch in the company of congenially intelligent members of the Washington establishment. Evidently the prisoners themselves had suggested his name for a hastily assembled committee of outside observers whose noble but frightening mission was to step inside D-yard and to act as mediators between the rebels and the authorities. Wicker took a plane and flew into hell.

According to Sartre, hell is *'les autres'*, by which he meant 'other people'; whereas within Attica the map of hell was drawn in the ink of a blacker notion: 'the others', the us and them of black and white. Drawn mainly from the crime-infested ghettos of New York City, Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse, 34 per cent of the Attica inmates were black and 9 per cent Puerto Ricans – 'our Latin brothers' – but even these percentages did not reflect the racial composition of the leadership committee which sprang up in D-yard and drenched its thirsty audience in four days of Fanonist rhetoric under the television lights; an uncomfortable political theatre in which to find himself for a middle-class white liberal from the South like Tom Wicker. The reporter steadied his gut.

Within D-yard the radicals denounced 'The Man'; outside the prison gates a mountingly hysterical crowd of local upstate New York country people, many of them relatives of the captive guards, called for an immediate assault on 'those animals, murderers, rapists' who, according to wildfire rumour, were beating, raping and castrating their menfolk. Such fears turned out to be unfounded; indeed the inmates, and notably their Black Muslim component, protected and fed the White Devils with exemplary restraint and discipline. Wicker makes much of the genuine violence of the rednecks with their itching trigger fingers and in the process permits himself a familiar liberal luxury: scorn for the petty-bourgeois white bigot.

For the educated, secure and secluded intellectual of enlightened opinions it is both easy and self-flattering to despise the dirty minds of those who do dirty jobs and to assume that if Attica, for example, were a more humanely organised institution it could become a happy health farm of rehabilitation where a college boy would be pleased to lend a hand. But 62 per cent of Attica's inmates had been incarcerated for crimes of violence and nearly 70 per cent had done time before – partly society's fault, no doubt, but a stark fact nevertheless for the upstate country folk into whose lap these city kids were dumped. Wicker points out that prison officers are poorly paid – but double their salaries and would Wicker (or you or I) hurry from college graduation into the uniform of an Attica correction officer or a New York City patrolman? No; these tough characters do the dirty work for the *bien pensant* liberals who despise them as much as they fear the muggers and rapists whom they also romanticise collectively as *le damnés de la terre*.

Within the Attica revolt uniquely American paradoxes quickly surfaced. Among men who had committed violent crimes not directly political a sharp, penetrating political consciousness brought forth not only inflammatory rhetoric but also astute and clearly formulated demands of a practical nature (many of which Commissioner Oswald was prepared to grant). On the other side of the wall Oswald, with the consent of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, admitted into D-yard revolutionary outsiders like Bobby Seale, Jaybarr Kenyatta, Tom Soto and the lawyer William Kunstler (famous for his anarchic defence of the Chicago Seven), all of whom were committed not only to the inmates' practical demands but also to the revolutionary philosophy of their leaders. At the same time both the rebels and their terrified hostages were able to issue appeals to the nation on television. Such an open style of negotiating a prison insurrection is as inconceivable in a British context as is the ultimate massacre by gunfire.

The crucial issue, the ultimate stumbling block, was the rebels' demand for amnesty with regard to actions taken during the revolt itself. Though Wicker appealed to him on the phone to come to Attica in person, Rockefeller insisted that it would serve no useful purpose since amnesty was something he would not, or could not, grant. Said

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Rocky: 'I really admire what you and the others are doing up there . . . it's just great . . . just great.' Wicker could almost feel the Campaigner squeezing his elbow, grinning, winking and 'hiyafella-ing' his way through the sidewalk crowds. For Wicker, the Governor emerged as the arch-villain of the piece, the man who authorised or allowed an overkill assault on the dreadful wet morning of 13 September, resulting in the death by gunfire of 29 inmates and 20 of their hostages.

The Attica administration immediately put it out to relatives and the media that the dead hostages had been murdered and mutilated by the inmates, but an impartial medical examination found this to be true in not a single case. Meanwhile the tear-gassed prisoners who survived were stripped naked, made to crawl in the mud and beaten all the way to their cells to cries of 'nigger motherfucker' and 'white nigger-lover'. Three years later, 61 of the Attica rebels stood indicted for crimes ranging from murder and kidnapping to sodomy, but not one of the state troopers or prison officers who perpetrated the massacre was indicted by the local grand jury. When Rocky himself came before the Senate committee considering his nomination as Vice-President, he assured it that in a similar situation he would now think that the proper way to proceed would be 'to go ahead . . . without weapons'. So saying, he became Veep.

Wicker's account of this gruesome episode, based on his own involvement in the action and supplemented by extensive research, is a fine example of American reporting, even though the narrative is periodically weighed down by an over-conscientious documentation of American social, racial and prison conditions in general – the Attica story in itself virtually tells the reader all he needs to know. But the life and fire, the novelist's nose for detail, which so raises the best of American book-length journalism above our own, stems not only from the intense commitment of American reporters to their own society but also from the open nature of that society, the willingness of all *dramatis personae* to go on record, and from the splendid feebleness of the law of libel in the United States. Our own wretched condition is both to know less and to be able to report less than we know; to be forced, wherever the participants are alive and liable to litigate, to resort to pallid circumlocutions and stock formulas, erasing the real fingers from the print.

Against Wicker's *A Time to Die* one major complaint can be made. The echo of Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, notably in the insertion of the reporter as third-person hero and in the bitter-sweet autobiographical portrait of Himself, forces comparisons which are not to Wicker's advantage. Unlike Mailer, Wicker is not a writer or a force to be reckoned with beyond the story he tells, and although some of the flashbacks to a prejudiced Southern upbringing are well done, the 'Wicker' passages appear increasingly superfluous – and a trifle pretentious – within the monumental tragic contours of Attica. This is doubly a pity in that Wicker emerges as so clearly a modest, workmanlike person possessed of an unflinching honesty, a witness who risked his life more than once for his fellow men.

Paul Addison

Sitting Bull

Baldwin by KENNETH YOUNG *Weidenfeld* £4.25

The quantity of writing on 20th-century politicians and civil servants in Britain is now out of all proportion to their true influence or significance. Some of us who are busy adding to that literature may perhaps argue that the history of power is of self-evident importance – but is power to be located exclusively in Whitehall and Westminster? Lord Hankey was a powerful civil servant and his life has been very finely written in three volumes, but saving the occasional biography it is difficult to discover much about bankers, manufacturers, managers, lawyers, officers or doctors, all of whom profoundly influenced the shape of society. The historian is, so to speak, always at the Ministry of Agriculture and never down on the farm. These thoughts are prompted partly by a generous desire to preach enlightenment without necessarily having to practise it, and partly by the publication of one more life of Baldwin, hard on the heels of two full-length and heavily documented accounts. The inflation in Baldwins is indicative of the problem.

The problem arises also from the wicked attractiveness of political history when it deals with a master of his craft, such as Baldwin undoubtedly was. Kenneth Young has written by far the briefest life of him – 147 pages in all. And on this occasion brevity has resulted in a highly readable account, full of zest and crammed with clear verdicts. Baldwin himself seems to move much faster than he did in real life, and also to be more fun: by page nine he is leaping over sofas and armchairs, and this most silent of politicians is constantly about to say something memorable. His cleverness too appears in a more concentrated form.

Baldwin was the most successful British politician between the wars. He led the Conservative Party for 14 years, formed three administrations and, unlike most of our prime ministers, retired of his own free will with his reputation at its height. He contrived to be at once an embodiment of deeply ingrained ideals – a second John Bull or Rock of Gibraltar – and a devastating, even brutal tactician in the political game. Beaverbrook complained of him: 'He always beats me – the toughest and most unscrupulous politician you could find – cold, merciless in his dislikes.'

Baldwin was often said to have a deep understanding of the British people, but of the three elections he called he lost two. The Conservatives owed their long tenure of office between the wars chiefly to good luck rather than to a genius for public relations. The achievement of Baldwin lay in his ability to defeat or sidetrack anyone else who threatened to capture the Conservative Party or (like the TUC in 1926), capsize the ship. He struck one of the decisive blows which freed the Conservatives in 1922 from their wartime alliance with Lloyd George, whom he usually referred to with disgust as 'the Goat', adding: 'He who lives in the bosom of the Goat spends his remaining years plucking out the fleas.' Later he beat off threats to his leadership from Beaverbrook, Neville Chamberlain and Churchill, 'dished the Goat' a second time, and masterminded the abdication of the foolish Edward VIII.

How much artifice was there in Baldwin's success? Mr Young wisely emphasises his personality, and shows how and why he was such a dangerous opponent. He gave the impression of being heavy, slow and a touch simple, as though he were a country bumpkin who had strayed into a world of clever people. But in a crisis he became dangerously gifted, his mind sharp and clear, his speeches filled with an artistry which his cousin Rudyard Kipling could admire. Vansittart described him as 'the subtlest Celt who ever played the complete Englishman'.

Was Baldwin also impressive as an architect of policy? Here his admirers face an insurmountable obstacle, since between crises he was lazy and lethargic. Mr Young would have us believe that Baldwin rationalised industry in the Twenties, got rearmament going in the Thirties, and so on. Baldwin was certainly nominally responsible for what was done while he was Prime Minister, but the work was done by Cham-

Eva Figes

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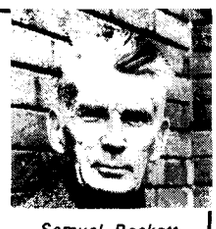

Samuel Beckett

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berlain, Hankey, Hoare and others. Nor did he ever plan, as Mr Young suggests, to reorganise the coal industry. Baldwin was brilliant at stopping things from going wrong, not at pushing through positive change; and as we try to avoid the worst it may begin to seem that Baldwin is a suitable hero of our time.

Phillip Knightley

Stripped

A Prince of Our Disorder: The Life of T. E. Lawrence by JOHN E. MACK *Weidenfeld* £6.95

A bibliography of T. E. Lawrence published in 1974 runs to 48 pages. This year there are seven new books on him either planned or already published, including two from the one British publisher. Forty-one years after his death, Lawrence of Arabia is no longer just a legend: he is an industry.

The reason for the continuing fascination is not hard to find. Lawrence bears a lot of responsibility for drawing the modern map of the Middle East – he can be praised (or blamed) for his part in making possible the state of Israel, and he is at the centre of one of history's 'ifs'. If the British government in the first world war had listened to Captain W. H. Shakespear and St John Philby (who wanted to back Ibn Saud) instead of to Lawrence and his supporters (who preferred Hussein, Sharif of Mecca), would we be sitting economically pretty today, shareholders in the vast oil wealth of Saudi Arabia? On a personal level, too, Lawrence's writing talent, bizarre behaviour, lonely post-war years, and untimely death in a motorcycle accident, have attracted more admirers, denigrators, and biographers than any other leader this century, with the possible exception of Churchill. What more can there be left to write about him?

Fortunately this latest book is distinguished not so much by what is new but by the manner in which the biographer has approached his subject. Dr John Mack is head of the Harvard Medical School Department of Psychiatry. He has, he tells us, long been fascinated by the relationship between man's inner life of dreams, hopes, and visions, and action or activity in the real world.

He sought to study a public figure who lived out elements of his inner life in the public arena, and chose Lawrence. Lawrence's historical reputation had been damaged by the use or misuse of psychology, he decided, and he set out to reverse this process – to use his knowledge of psychology to try to understand Lawrence as an individual, to show how one intensely motivated person affects events of historical importance and how they, in turn, affect him. This highly ambitious project took Dr Mack 12 painstaking years, which says a lot for his own motivation. What is the result?

It must be said immediately that Mack is not an impartial biographer. He warns his reader in the introduction that he does not claim to be neutral on the subject of Lawrence: 'I unabashedly regard him as a great man and an important historical figure.' So it would be a waste of time to try to decide how balanced an account of the life this book offers; it is better to regard it as the swing of the pendulum from Richard Aldington and Malcolm Muggeridge and leave it at that.

Dr Mack's assessment of Lawrence's political role is confusing and the evidence he offers for concluding that Lawrence 'strove to diminish the political dominance of the Western powers in the Middle East before such a change was contemplated in the West' is not convincing. That leaves us with his handling of Lawrence the man and his description of Lawrence's attempts to resolve his inner personal disorder, and it is here that the strength of this book lies. Delicately, and with compassion, Dr Mack chronicles Lawrence's bitter hostility towards himself, a hostility that turned him into 'a battlefield between purity and passion' and made him a sexual cripple.

Mack lists the elaborate plots that Lawrence concocted to have himself flogged (to the point of seminal emission) and his incredible 'training and rehabilitation' programmes, with letters to a riding and hunting establishment, a swimming instructor, physiotherapists, a diet expert and a 'remedial gymnasium' specialising in Swedish massage and 'medical electricity'. A combination of reasons for this behaviour is given: the stigma of Lawrence's illegitimacy, the severe beatings his mother inflicted on him as a child in order to break his will, and, above all, the shame of his sexual surrender to the Turk, or Turks, at Derra.

Mack does not appear to have considered that if Lawrence was capable of inventing a mythical uncle to arrange his beatings, insist on a written report of those beatings from the man who inflicted them, then collect the report and read it himself – presumably to receive some complicated satisfaction from doing so – he would have been equally capable of having invented and written the whole Derra episode for similar reasons. Mack concludes that Lawrence's efforts to quiet his inner demons form 'one of the most moving personal sagas I have ever encountered', that Lawrence was not only a prince of our disorder and a civilising force, but that he also helped many people find new purpose and meaning to their lives.

This is all very well as far as it goes, but Lawrence's influence extended far beyond those who knew him or who have studied and admired him. In his brief career in public life he had a hand in the destinies of millions of Arabs whose descendants are only just beginning to emerge from the mess that Lawrence and his contemporaries created for them. In the end Dr Mack's contribution comes down to this: he has dealt with the personal and private side of Lawrence's life so comprehensively that it should now be possible to shut the pathetic part of the man away forever, and weigh him in the one role that really counted – that of the Imperial Hero, an agent of his time and class.

Gillian Tindall

One Better

The Virgin by GEOFFREY ASHE *Routledge* £5.25

Like, I suspect, many people, I have a religious non-belief system so well established that I no longer even recall what speculation led me to it. Unreflectingly I have assumed, all my adult life, that, while Christ was probably a historical character (despite the absence of any absolutely contemporary evidence for this assumption), all the magic and mystery traditionally associated with his name has been a later accretion, a borrowing from the stock of archetypal myths that are common to most cultures. If Jesus was born of a virgin then so, in many tales, was Buddha; if he had 12 disciples round him then the same magic number was apparently favoured by the mythic King Arthur. I believed that by the addition of these myths-for-all-seasons the Fathers of the Church attempted to confer upon their historical figure an extra grandeur and uniqueness, but had in fact only succeeded in making him more commonplace, a predictable item in comparative religion.

This view is, I now think – having read Geoffrey Ashe's book – a considerably distorted version of a truth that was really more complex. Certainly Christianity, over the course of the centuries, was decked with a number of otiose and spurious frills – Ashe himself points some out. But what he makes clear is that 'gradual growth of legend' around the dimly remembered characters of Mary and her Son is simply not adequate as an explanation for the main strands of Christian dogma which seem, on the contrary, to have been there from the start, as the basis of the whole story.

Essentially, the historical Jesus's birth and genealogy do not appear to have been normal. It was nowhere suggested by any early writer, however opposed to Christianity, that he was in fact just the son of Joseph, and surely someone would have rudely said so if this had actually been the case? Even the Jews delayed their attempt to publish an exposing 'truth about Jesus' till the fourth century, and then the tale they told still excluded Joseph and depended on a man called Pander or Pantere, sometimes a go-between but sometimes the begetter himself. I have myself always rather liked the idea that Jesus was (possibly, again, like King Arthur) the illegitimate son of a Roman centurion, known to his friends as 'Pan' – i.e., God, hence 'son of God'. But, as Ashe rightly says, this entertaining theory falls to the ground when you realise that it is nothing but a corruption of the Christian statement that Jesus was the son of a *parthenos* – a virgin. Back to the first principle.

Ashe goes to work with great care and scholarship on the scant and contradictory historical facts of Mary's family provided by the Gospels and draws out of it a con-

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vincing picture of an extended Oriental family in which Mary and her sole child were included and yet set apart. But his most far-reaching conclusions are concerned with the later elevation of Mary to Queen of Heaven, a being almost on a par with her Son and perpetually tending to steal the limelight from him in the popular imagination. It would seem that here is a sizeable rogue element which the mainstream of Christianity has been able neither to eliminate nor to assimilate in a wholly satisfactory fashion. Is Mary then just the Eternal Feminine, the White Goddess of older religions who, after all, refused to be excluded? Well, not quite, Ashe thinks. His theory, broadly speaking, is that a popular feminist movement that exalted Mary was current at a very early stage in Christianity's evolution, possibly even within Mary's own lifetime – which should, as he says, please present-day feminists. He also thinks that it was then that there gathered about Mary a persistent belief in her immortality, perhaps as a transfer from the traditional Jewish belief about Elijah.

Mary, it would seem, did not die. We are never shown splinters of her bone and no tomb is marked for her. She disappeared (as she disappears from the Scriptures after her Son's death) but then she keeps reappearing. Down the ages she has appeared to people – at Walsingham, at Aylesford (where Geoffrey Ashe used to live), at Lourdes. Jesus, we tend to feel, is dead. Whatever evangelical pamphlets may say, the image of the Crucifixion has proved too overwhelming. But Mary, it seems, lives, for many people. Strange paradox.

Julian Barnes

No Picnic

Willard and His Bowling Trophies by RICHARD BRAUTIGAN *Cape* £2.50
The Poisoned Kiss and Other Stories from the Portuguese by JOYCE CAROL OATES *Gollancz* £3.50
In the Night All Cats Are Grey by GAVIN LAMBERT *W. H. Allen* £3.50
The Story of My Desire by PHILIP CALLOW *Bodley Head* £3.50

Recent Brautigan comes equipped with helpfully generic subtitles: after '. . . An Historical Romance 1966', after '. . . A Gothic Western', we come to '. . . A Perverse Mystery'. The perversity is supplied by Bob and Constance, half-hearted bondage kinks whose idea of foreplay is a good browse in *The Greek Anthology*; they are rather sad and cry a lot. The mystery consists in the whereabouts of a terrific set of bowling trophies stolen from some famous bowlers called the Logan Brothers; they are rather tough. Downstairs from Bob and Constance live John and Pat, who actually have the trophies, and keep them arranged round Willard, a papier-mâché bird. John and Pat are very fond of Willard, always wish him goodnight, and even consider taking him to a Greta Garbo movie; they are rather soppy.

Gosh, that's torn it: I was only explaining the title, and find I've given away the entire plot. But that always seems to be the way with Mr Brautigan's winsome and gruelly fictionettes. I was rather cross, actually, about the Perverse Mystery bit, because thinking up a subtitle is at least one way of using the vacant brain-space which reading Brautigan leaves one. Still, being a conscientious critic, I puzzled genially at the perverse mystery of his staggering popularity. How can it be that whole campuses crease themselves at a humour which seems no more than whacky cuteness? How is it, when others wonder at the 'precise coolness of language' (*The Times*) of this 'born writer' (*Sunday Times*), that one feels appalled at the glaring and embarrassing bits of 'writing'?

> A mind so sharp it could have picknicked on a razor blade . . . He hungered like a lost star for the cool evening of her inner touch . . . Sex had been to them like having a beautiful picnic in a field of comets . . . She sat down very carefully on the floor beside him as if she were sitting on a decayed spider web.

Picnic Imagery in Brautigan – now there's a thesis (don't miss the Muffet-references in the last quote). Finally, I wondered, how can anyone bear the pacelessness of it all? You plod through chapterino 8 (a whole page), which tells you how the Logan Brothers are waiting in a dingy hotel for a phone call to tell them where their bowling trophies are, and you are rewarded with this opening to chapterino 9:

> Meanwhile – less than a mile away from the tiny dingy hotel room where the Logan brothers waited for a telephone call which would provide them with the locations of the bowling trophies – Willard . . .

It's like following a strip cartoon every day – one step back for every two forward; terrific, of course, for those with spaced-out memories.

There's a perverse mystery, too, behind Joyce Carol Oates's latest batch of stories, which are as 'Portuguese' as Mrs Browning's sonnets. They were inspired by an imagined Portuguese writer, 'Fernandes', who suggested images and stories to Miss Oates in a series of waking visions. Interestingly, it was not a case of possession or trance so much as of polite insistence from one part of her brain, which (usefully) interfered with neither her teaching nor the rest of her writing. There is no specific attempt to evoke Portugal, or indeed to present any close description; but despite the greater degree of abstraction, these stories come from the recognisable Oates territory of obsession and extremity, solitude and violence. A child bride swells enormously (and metaphorically), nearly crushing her adoring husband; a lonely transvestite, fearing the street, rents a room for his dressing-up; a balcony flirtation collapses when the woman indicates her availability; elsewhere are murders, miracles, hauntings. Miss Oates perhaps had more compunction about interfering with her Portuguese muse than with her native one; and some of the pieces are not so much brief as fugitive. But the longer ones (especially a neat tale of a writer discovering himself to be an unconscious plagiarist) have scale enough and a spare, intriguing power.

The week's two home-grown products are altogether more literal in intention, their achievements those of authenticity rather than imagination. Gavin Lambert's novel unravels a musing, eremitic librarian, his soul hot for certainties, who keeps getting dusty answers. Does the mind begin as a blank slate? Is there a great planner up there? Did the girl with the ultra-bright eyes reading a book on the occult inflict the pink patch on the librarian's neck? Mr Lambert's hero knocks such questions around with a trio of fiftyish confidantes; but though he has a (yes, symbolic) knack of getting out of mazes, these biggies are real stumpers. Eventually, he decides that the world is ruled by alternating principles of reason and chaos, and as if to prove it, one of his mother-substitutes turns out to be his long-lost real mother. She gives him a pedicure (cf. Mary Magdalene), then he sleeps with her and kills her. Surprised? Well, there's a certain chaotic rationality to it all.

Philip Callow also deals with a lost soul, Colin, a 46-year-old teacher, though not too lost to enjoy a warming amount of sexual success. 'Very few of us are able to bear much reality in this world,' he hints darkly at the start; and the novel's final image of John Clare indicates how close-run has been the salvaging of his sanity. In between, Mr Callow's description of the progress from marital break-out to mental break-down gives off an appealing spiritual murkiness. He scores well on the shabby imprecision with which people half-love each other; on middle-aged dislike of the young; and on the hurried bullying of the health system.

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID CAUTE, the novelist and historian, is the author of *The Fellow Travellers* (1973) and has just completed a study of American domestic anti-communism in the post-war years.

MARTIN FAGG has been known to enter for the NS Weekend Competition.

PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY's most recent book is *The First Casualty,* published last November. He is the author of *The Secret Lives of Lawrence of Arabia.*

PAUL ADDISON lectures in History at the University of Edinburgh. His most recent publication is *The Road to 1945* and he is currently engaged on a study of Churchill.

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Foreword by David L. Edwards

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Children's Books

Martin Fagg

In Search of Lost Time

Even such a super-craftsman as Pinero wasn't above easing his plot along with flagitious letters found underneath the floor-boards. A largish book-batch, the majority historical-fantastical, reveals today's writers to be quite as obsessed with yesterday's secrets. Their modes of apprehending them, however, are usually more oblique. Old newspapers, toys or ornaments; a charged, broody atmosphere; snatches of unattributable song; direct if mystic intimations – all these are pressed into service as the prosaic or supernatural conduits for distant tragedies or joys. They may be dead, but the spirit-waves won't lie down.

Only one sample of this past-intuitive genre survived into my final pool, but it's a peach. The passage to the past in Penelope Lively's *A Stitch in Time* (Heinemann £2.60) leads through the communing mind of Maria, introspective only child of a turgid couple who rent an unfurbished Victorian house in Lyme Regis for the summer hols. The restlessly imaginative Maria (she converses with everything in sight, including petrol pumps, portraits and a singularly sardonic cat) is intrigued by a sampler worked by Harriet, a girl of her own age, in 1865. Soon, she is hearing a swing squeaking – only there isn't a swing; a dog barking – but there isn't a dog . . . This latest Lively is a bit light on story-line and the final twist of the thread is not unforeseen. Any suspicion of narrative inertia is masked, though, by descriptive energy. The pages sparkle with jokes, perceptions and neat felicities. Maria herself, a sophisticated child with a well-nigh Murdochian concern for contingency, is a little triumph.

No shortage of story in Angela Bull's yarn for rather younger children, *Treasure in the Fog* (Collins £1.95). With their parents sunning themselves in Italy, and their governess summoned to the bedside of her ailing Mama, a quartet of children are pent up in their big, ugly City house by a pea-souper, one of the real old London Particulars. Gloomily munching breakfast, they hear, from the fog-bound street below, the Pied Piper cry: 'Come to Maximilian Prickleheim's famous Circus!' It's enough. Strictly against orders, they're off that evening to Waterloo Park, and are soon speeding along a stolen treasure trail that leaves them – and the reader – breathless. A bit shaky on period: it *appears* to be *late* Victorian, but there's reference to a recent transportation, which is *early*. And were there mews flats before the Twenties? However, no cavils – this is a jolly, spirited romp.

Next, two notable essays in 'faction'. Noel Streatfield's *Gran-Nannie* (Michael Joseph £4.95) grafts fictional elaboration on to a real-life stem, the career of her father's nanny, later to care for the next generation. There's a strong sense of conviction from the first chapter, when Emily is born in the Sussex village of Easden (her father has a nice line in homely apophthegm: he avoids marital tiffs on the ground that 'getting roused doant make neither fat nor wool') right through to her death – her coffin borne to the church by her former charges, determined that, in death as in life, her arrangements shall be 'all Sir Garnet'. No sentimentality here, or avoidance of the starker side of servant life, but a fully-textured revocation, as nutritious as a rich layer-cake.

Ann Lawrence's *Mr Robertson's Hundred Pounds* (Kestrel £3.50) also has a firm documentary base. She found the germ of her story in a children's educational magazine: it told of a Scots merchant who, fleeced of a hundred quid, pursued the thief to Spain, risky ground you'd think for Britons in Armada hour; but one of the many curious facts thrown up by the author's research was the Englishman's ease of entry into hostile Catholic countries and (given minimal discretion) his immunity there. Ann Lawrence has edited and amplified her source with notable deftness, and the result is a muscular and swiftly-moving narrative. Simon, her young male lead, is a likeably self-questioning youth, and Robertson, his master, proves an eloquent (if perhaps anachronistic) advocate of religious toleration. The prize for plausibility (in every sense) goes to the actual nicker of the hundred nicker, Matthew Butler, the smoothly smiling emissary of the Spanish 'Dirty Tricks' department. Ms Lawrence impresses by her 16th-century erudition, and by the ease with which she assimilates it into this buoyantly original fiction.

Now, two additions to Heinemann's Long Ago series: *Boy Without a Name* by Penelope Lively (again) and *August the Fourth* by Penelope Farmer (both £1.35). In the former, told in simple but resonant prose, the ragged orphan Thomas comes to the Cotswold village of Swinfield and finds in 'Mason' both the name and the craft he's seeking. In the latter, four picnicking children return home far too late to assist, as promised, at the afternoon's tea-and-tennis party. They expect disgrace, even whipping. However, grown-ups are by now far too preoccupied with war-clouds and the imminent enlistment of older sons to mete out punishment. The children's anti-climax is adroitly caught, and the book is strong on eve-of-war observation. Both these books are finely illustrated: the first by Anne Dalton with some lively pastel friezes; the second with Jael Jordan's charming fashion-plate effects.

In Barbara Willard's *The Miller's Boy* (Kestrel £2.75), Thomas Welfare has a batty miller for a grandfather and a captious shrew for a sister. Compensation, however, in blood-brothership with the gently-born Lewis Mallory: their tight but troubled bond survives both increasing awareness of

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class difference, and the ruin of Gospels Mill – its four sails are 'Matthew', 'Mark', 'Luke' and 'John' – when potty grandpa tries, impiously, to add 'Lucifer' and 'Beelzebub' to their numbers. Ms Willard has contrived a speech for her people ('Fever and ague come climming, brother Thomas') that may not be very close to how they actually spoke in late 15th-century Sussex, but which has a certain pawky robustness ('Let'm not act the grummut, them'). This is well up to her usual, exciting, *Mantlemass* standard.

It's clear from the jacket of *The Butty Boy* (Macmillan £2.50) that its author, Jill Paton Walsh, is an incurable case of Canal Mania – and a very amiable ailment it is. Harriet (or Harry) contracts it when, moving to Shipton, she finds her new home – despite the name's promise – hopelessly land-locked. She screams with chagrin for three days, then, sulking in the garden, is amazed to see a barge moving behind the green bank at the bottom. Minutes later, she's aboard the Butty (a barge that's towed by another) with insouciant Ned and sister Bess . . . Years later, she recounts this wild freak of youth to Edward, her incorrigibly sedate fiancé. Just as, strolling along a tow-path, she finishes her tale, she sees, at the lock, sitting on a cabin-roof, a young man 'with a red kerchief round his neck, setting off his dark curls'. Can this be her grown-up Butty Boy? Sensibly, Jill Paton Walsh doesn't cross all the *t*s in this irresistibly exuberant tale, but somehow I think Sobersides Edward has had his chips.

John Coleman

Elders & Debtors

The convention which would have the literary reviewer as somehow above the game and keeping his ego-count down to a minimum is a respectable one: it is, all the same, an absolute swine to observe when books written specifically for children crop up in one's bailiwick. Not to mince matters, many of us started out as children; and, then, quite a few of us went on to have them. Hard to steer clear of these auto-biographical reefs when – for example – Beth Ellen, summer-holidaying in Water Mill, New York, says 'with authority' in Louise Fitzhugh's *The Long Secret* (Gollancz £2.80), 'I'm going to have lots of babies and go to Biarritz.' Beth Ellen is 12: and it is, so far as I can gather, from *her* age up that the fictions recently dispatched my way are aimed at. But up to where?

The gabby heroine of Ms Fitzhugh's tale, a shouting would-be writer called Harriet, finds herself embroiled in a humorous chain of events: strange, anonymous notes left all over the place; the irritation of a cool kid who is menstruating before she is; the visitation of Beth Ellen's dreadful, glamorous, uncaring mother, complete with lover. This is pretty chic stuff, one is tempted to say, even for Harriet. And yet, though the plot is a bit of a sell in the upshot, it makes an entertaining read: *Catcher in the Rye*, in tone, none too watered down. So why not turn the teens, and pre-teens, directly on to Salinger? Any child who can grasp and enjoy the Fitzhugh is already beginning to fall outside that useless quality of innocence we lumber them with.

Tiresomely, though, these admirable, anarchic principles take a tumble over the actualities. Any parent who has screamed a little inside while his best beloveds thumb for the umpteenth time through a dog-eared American comic, before resuming *David Copperfield* on the floor and abandoning that in turn for a sustained scrutiny of the TV commercials, will have had several things ferried into his consciousness: they are butterfly-brained idiots; he was – and, in all likelihood, still is – like that; it might be no abomination if there were some bridging matter, maybe masquerading as a 'children's book', telling an imprisoning yarn and purveying the odd moral in the process. About this last there is inevitably room for debate, though I am thinking of boring old liberal holdings like being decent towards your fellow-man, irrespective of colour; relishing eccentrics; and not watching too many TV commercials. And so, it appears, are those writers catering for today's children, when they are not simply catering to their own whims under the guise of so doing.

Unimpressive fathers and moving-days figure heavily in the batch that follows.

Summer books from Oxford

A Flute in Mayferry Street
Eileen Dunlop
illustrated by Phillida Gili

In a down-at-heel house in Edinburgh's New Town lives the once prosperous Ramsay family, none of them too happy with life. This deeply imaginative story shows how, through the past, changes come to each of them. £3.75

The October Child
Eleanor Spence
illustrated by Malcolm Green

When the Mariners welcome the arrival of Carl, the latest addition to the family, none of them suspects the disruption which he is to cause in their cheerful household. In Eleanor Spence's new novel, set in Australia, she clearly demonstrates the understanding of the young and their problems that has won her so much praise. £3.25

Coming in July

Mao
Peter Carter

Peter Carter believes that we cannot appreciate Mao without trying to see him through Chinese eyes. In following this conviction he has produced a stimulating biography which sets Mao against his family background and against the culture and conflicts of the China he has come to dominate. £3.50

Ensign Carey
Ronald Welch
illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus

This exciting episode in the lives of the Careys – fictional heroes of several of Ronald Welch's historical novels – takes place in the year of the Indian Mutiny, and is a convincing portrayal of the individuals caught up in the violence and injustice of those troubled times. £3.50

The Oxford Children's Dictionary in Colour
edited by John Weston and Alan Spooner
illustrated by Henry Barnett

This is the ideal dictionary for young people with a reading age of eight to fourteen years. Full of illustrations, its thousands of entries are so attractively presented that these readers will find it a pleasure to use. £2.75

The River Boy
Theresa Whistler
illustrated by Richard Shirley Smith

When this haunting and beautiful fantasy first appeared in the nineteen fifties it was warmly commended in Margery Fisher's *Intent Upon Reading*. This new edition, with its sensitive illustrations, will entrance a whole new generation of readers. £3.25

Books for children and young people

Oxford University Press

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John Rowe Townsend, a tremendous specialist as critic and creator in the field, offers a dank, compelling fable in *Noah's Castle* (Oxford £3.25): 'this story is set in a future which you can suppose to be two or three years after the time at which you are reading it.' Close enough to the current economic knuckle to unnerve, it concerns a Britain in which money is becoming as ludicrously devalued as in the Germany Hitler bloomed in. A 16-year-old son, Barry, narrates the sordid, family-preserving procedures of his dad, who buys a 'solid house of hard red brick, ugly as sin' and shifts his bemused kin into it as a kind of fortress, stuffing the basement with supplies for a two-year siege. The morality is particularly strong here; fate catches up with the unkindly described father (short, sallow, a martinet); he forfeits respect all round. It is detailed on good-doers and spivs, less secure on how government is coping. This put-down of pater has its echo in a very peculiar, quite impressive novel, Roy Brown's *The Siblings* (Abelard £2.95), which is tantamount to a blow-up of a nasty newspaper item. A psychotic 14-year-old, Debbie, manageable only by her twin brother Ian, escapes from a high-rise; and a Simenon-like investigation, set in and around London, led by an inspector, one Bates, due for retirement and appropriately weary, leads to a bad, dead fall. The shocking point here, among others, is that Debbie's father is a misguided, bigwig social worker: and surely culpable in that last resort. Perhaps Mr Brown's book was meant for us grown-ups.

I confess myself happier with Mabel Esther Allan's *Bridge of Friendship* (Dent £2.95): a bog-Irish family, the O'Connells, landing up in the decaying West Forties of Manhattan, and making the best and worst of it. Not much happier, but marginally. Racial types are fervidly emphasised; there is a poor little rich Jewish girl, Katya, who turns up trumps too often on behalf of the O'Connell kids to be true; and the ethics of it all are rather spelt out. Another feeblish father, en route to a denouement that would make a kitchen sink, is awarded this mental breakthrough:

> Like his daughter, Cormac O'Connell was learning many lessons. Deep in his mind he was thinking that maybe it wasn't right just to meet people of the same kind as yourself.

Or Cormac goes Comprehensive. Be that as it is, Ms Allan's *Bridge* genuinely spans some difficult social potholes, or pitfalls.

Triple-named ladies who produce prose used to be reckoned sound for a laugh. Exception should be made for another, Zilpha Keatley Snyder, whose *The Changeling* (Lutterworth Press £2.95) is at least half engaging. Set in Rosewood, California, it traces a tot-to-teenage relationship between ignored, fattish Martha growing to prettiness and confidence and a fey kid called Ivy, a skinny fantasist, member of a shunned, criminal family. Landscape and rituals play formidable roles in this and – a sign of the times – Martha's adored brother Tom 'fesses up to having momentarily mixed with a high school drug-pusher. Ivy, of course, ends up going to be a great dancer: and good luck to her. Books that merely taught respect for elders would seem to be out. A cursory glance at the world around us shows this as less than silly.

Eric Korn

Gamey

Turning first – he would, wouldn't he? – to sex education, here is Lennart Nilsson's *How You Began* (Kestrel Books £1.60). Rather too many foetuses for a small child's nerves, I would have thought, and the terminology is handled with Scandinavian brusqueness. There's a horrific, vastly enlarged picture of sperms gang-banging an aloof ovum, rather like sparrows mobbing an owl: we're left with the feeling that people are just an ovum's way of making another ovum.

More ambitious and more successful is M. Ross Macdonald's *The Origin of Johnny* (Cape £2.95): 'Before it began there was , which we cannot know and cannot name.' But yields the Big Bang (no mimsying between hostile theories here), and thence matter, elements, galaxies, planets, aminoacids and DNA – and it's still only page 25. Actually it's the best brief account of the origin of life I've read, with the lovely throwaway 'you only have to be a bit more stable to be a success'. A smart gallop through evolution, without pausing for dinosaur cheesecake, and we come to the thesis of human sexuality as the only durable bond for a slow-maturing species. Neither prude nor radical can object much to the cautious formulation, 'it can be most rewarding between long-term partners'.

And now for something completely different. Eleanor Allen's *Wash and Brush-up* A. & C. Black, £1.75) is a retchingly vivid account of the miseries of the prehygienic past, rather Victorian in its optimistic presumption that most of the world is now wholesome and odourless. There are useful insights concerning gong fermors (medieval muckrakers), the fairground dentist who extracted 74 teeth in under the hour, in Sioux costume, and Mrs Purefoy, trying to order false teeth by post ('I do believe the stick to be too thick at one end and too thin at t'other, but you must manage'); the most memorable image is rural Bermondsey, each cottage with its privy built over the river which provided the drinking water.

In contrast to these idosyncratic, often gamey flavours, publishers' series are often bland and formulaic, the literary equivalent of the assembly-line hamburger. Chambers's Questbooks have three lines going: small square quartos at £1.25 with bright sloppy pictures stuck around like postage stamps. In *Cotton* ('Where do things come from?') most images seem to show one chap holding some stuff while a couple more chaps – Arab traders, fellahin, or Conquistadors – stand about. There's a strange emphasis on vocabulary: 'this is *ginning*, this is *carding*, many people thought slavery should be stopped or *abolished*.' *Tales from History* is ludicrous: '"O fuss and bother", grumbled Diogenes'; 'the king of England was very pleased. He called all his ministers together: "Let us build a railway from Liverpool to Manchester".'

Puffins remain unbeatable value; among a recent batch of non-fiction, Heinz Kurth has a practical approach. *Down the River* (New Puffin Picture Books 50p) begins 'when water spills from a glass it flows down, down, down'; and when the kids have mopped that up they get glaciers, erosion, moorhens and cantilever bridges. Just as good are Kurth's *Build a House* and *Print a Book*.

Beverley Halstead's *Picture Book of Dinosaurs* (Pan Piccolo 50p) has some sprightly and unfamiliar genera, including pachycephalosaurs: frilled and tonsured bone

Children's Books

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Dent

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heads butting head-on like a confrontation of archbishops. This author also contributes *Prehistoric Mammals* to the excellently fresh and scholarly 'Closer Look' series (Hamish Hamilton £1.50); there's a nightmare-provoking picture of a giant flightless bird with a small ancestral horse – admittedly a very small ancestral horse – dangling from its beak. Meanwhile Althea, the original dinosaur lady, is all set to take over the world again, with an insipid flood of titles about almost everything. 'Milk comes from cows. There are many different kinds of cows.' (*Where does Food come from?* Dinosaur Publications 85p).

Anything but insipid is Hilary Wills, who has brought back brutality in *Ten Naughty Boys* (Methuen Starting Books, £1.25): 'Eight fiendish, fractious boys, especially one called Kevin. Had a bout of fisticuffs, And then there were seven.'

Her *Time to Go* is equally slaphappy; 'twenty minutes to nine – the toast is on fire.' A relief to any parent made to feel incompetent and ashamed by Lucy and Tom and their ordered day, filled with creative endeavour.

Robert Melville

Grandad's Choice

The re-telling of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (Pelham Books £1.50) leans pleasantly enough on Southey's story of the three bears ('Who's been eating from my plate?' 'Who's used my fork?', and so on) but I recommend it for the watercolours by a Dane named Sven Otto S. Snow White is much nicer than Disney's starlet, and although the dwarfs look a bit like the Wombles their cloaks of leaves and grasses and pieces of bark make them walking collections of nature specimens. *The Blue Lamp* (Macdonald £2.50) is not about the 'evenin' all' man but another tale from Grimm. A soldier lost in a wood falls into the clutches of a witch. To earn his suppers he has to perform various tasks for her, the last of which is to fetch a blue lamp from the bottom of a well. Her plan to snatch the lamp and drop the soldier back into the well goes awry, and the soldier discovers that the lamp contains a dwarf with magic powers. Lilo Promm's illustrations are somewhat oriental and somewhat Chagall.

Satomi Ichikawa, who lives in Paris, lends Japanese decorum to the European children at play in *A Child's Book of Seasons* (Heinemann £2.60), where even the pushing and pulling and rushing about games are conducted with judicious gaiety. I am particularly grateful for her watercolour of children trying to catch falling leaves; her clever foreshortening puts the invisible spectator high above the ground and renews for me the exhilaration of times past when I could sit in a treetop in a moderate gale.

Mary Rayner tells a new story about a scheming wolf. In *Mr and Mrs Pig's Evening Out* (Macmillan £2.50) the couple arrange for a babysitter from the agency to look after their ten piglets for the evening. There is a sinister picture of the babysitter, a Mrs Wolf, arriving at the front door in the rain, half hidden under an umbrella. Her wicked plan to have a hearty meal of roast pork is of course eventually thwarted.

The Tyger Voyage (Cape £1.95) lingers on the edge of the credibility gap with grace and wit. Two tygers, one older than the other, purchase a boat and leave their Georgian residence (well furnished in the high Victorian style) to go sailing on their own. The best of Nicola Bayley's illustrations – the text is by Richard Adams – are the formal group portraits, evidently commissioned after their return from a series of adventures of the ODTAA kind. The only sign of their travels is the spotted gypsy handkerchief which the younger tyger insists on wearing on all occasions, even at a civic dinner. It's a touch of informality which profoundly disturbs the gentleman whose residence is immediately opposite their own.

N. Orengo's *The Sea Voyage* (A. & C. Black £1.75) is told without words in collages made with various sophisticated techniques involving painting, colour photography, computerised arabesques, blown up fragments of old prints and no doubt a dozen other more secret aids. It's about a model sailing ship which weathers heavy seas and polar ice and is becalmed in a Sargasso sea of weeds. But finally, with lowered masts, it gets back to the safety of its bottle. It's charming but is likely to be more interesting to other illustrators than to children.

Tomi Ungerer's text and illustrations for *The Beast of Monsieur Racine* (Puffin 50p) are so well matched that one can scarcely say which follows the other. The beast in the drawings is the image in the text:

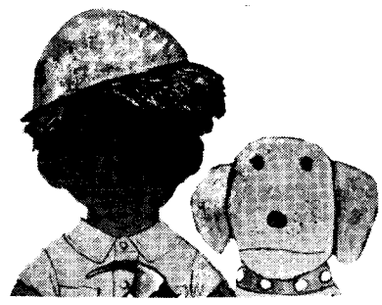
> . . . it looked like a heap of mouldy blankets. Long, sock-like ears were flopping on both sides of a seemingly eyeless head. A shaggy, mangled mane topped a drooping snout. Its feet were like stumps and it had baggy knees. It made no sound.

It was like no other beast on earth and M. Racine sent a study of its habits, enclosing measurements and photographs, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. He was invited to present it at a full meeting of members, and I will not disclose what happened, but it caused a riot.

I am an assiduous follower of the exploits of Captain Pugwash, the TV cartoon pirate. He is as amoral as they come but never as villainous as his arch-enemy, Cut-throat Jake, whose heart is as black as his beard. It's pleasant to be able to record that in *Pugwash in the Pacific* (Puffin 50p) poetic justice is seen to be done: the smart cabin boy of *The Black Pig* plays a trick on the British Navy that puts Jake and his crew behind bars for crimes committed by Pugwash.

Two of the miscast spells of Meg the witch occur in *Meg and Mog* and *Meg's Eggs* (Nicoll/Pienkowski, Puffin 50p each). With Mog, her cat, she goes to a meeting attended by four other witches, and although they mix the right stew of frog, beetle, worm, bat and spider, they no sooner utter their magic rime than the cauldron explodes with a double-page red and yellow, sub-Lichtenstein bang which changes the other witches

Emmie and Chips
Words by Peggy Blakeley
Paintings by Chihiro Iwasaki
Emmie and her dog Chips are inseparable. So when Emmie goes on holiday and finds that Chips cannot come too, she sits on the beach, sadly watching the waves. But Emmie's Mum and Dad have a surprise in store . . .
A Read Together book £2.25



I Bet I Could
Words by Peggy Blakeley
Paintings by Taxi Kitada
A happy story about a child with a lively imagination who builds a kennel for his dog, an ingenious boat for his father, a pram made of 'sugar and spice', a 'house of creamy cake' and an airship for himself.
A Read Together book £2.25

The I was so mad I could have split book
Gisela Frisen & Per Ekholm
'Juvenile fury has been transferred to the pages in purples and blacks and raging reds, showing a little girl who hates everybody. Her shrieks and sulks are instantly recognizable to children . . . it is ephemeral and vulgar, and it works.'
Times Literary Supplement
£1.60

Claire and Emma
Diana Peter
Claire is four years old, and her sister, Emma, is two. Both were born deaf, so they are trying to learn to speak. Despite their handicap, they enjoy life and have many friends.
Illustrated with full colour photographs
£1.50

Adam & Charles Black

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into mice, and I suspect Meg of a double cross because Mogg is on hand to chase them. In *Megg's Eggs* she casts the usual spell for summoning up eggs for supper, but this time they are gigantic and out of them come ferocious antediluvian monsters.

I hope you have noticed that the prices of some of these books are within the means of old age pensioners.

Martin Amis

Cover Up

Motoring back from the office in a 20-cwt. dumptruck full of juvenile fictions, I seriously questioned my ability to assess them fairly. First, would I be able to remember what sort of fictions I went for when I was juvenile? I had no other first-hand means of evaluating them (for your reviewer is childless), and any frisky attempts to intuit what children like would surely be doomed either to condescension or to owlishness. Secondly, would it help if I *could* remember, given the many revolutions in juvenile taste that have presumably taken place over the last couple of decades? I have never hated a piece of writing more than I hated the last teenage tome I chanced to skim: the story of a boy's love for a sunflower, it allegorised, at 20p a page, the way in which we destroy the things we treasure if we don't believe in sexual freedom. Would most kids' books, these days, be canting as well as winsome? And, last but not least, juvenile fictions are uniformly so nasty to look at that you can hardly bear to go near them, let alone pick them up.

As it was, my anxieties proved groundless – pretty well. If you stake the book out firmly on your lap, with an explosive crack of its spine, there is little danger of seeing the cover until you absolutely have to. The moral order of the worlds depicted within is, agreeably, more or less conventional: good still bashes bad, honesty and candour are still prized above all other virtues, and an unpleasant end still awaits each law-breaker, hypocrite, pedant, sneak and adulterer. And, finally, it seems that you need import no special criteria in order to judge a children's book with confidence: as is the case with most fictions, the quality of the experience you are in for shines easily through the prose of the first few pages. Accordingly, I formulated the principle that children like what's good and dislike what's bad. Here's a somewhat impressionistic selection.

Oh, but those covers. *Louie's Snowstorm* by E. W. Hildick (Deutsch £2.50) has a jacket by someone rightly called Val Biro with the authentic *Sunday Express* thriller-illustration timbre, making milkman Louie resemble a Thirties sailor or a modern burglar. Luckily, the novel is not a veiled how-to book for kids who want some day to be milkmen, but a reassuring little comedy about the ups and down of a milkman and his young helpers over the busy Christmas period. *'What d'you think we're on,' snapped Louie. 'A church outing?'* etc. In my view, Mr Hildick gravely overestimates the reserves of charm at his hero's disposal, but the book is wry, cosy and savingly circumstantial.

The cover of *Rumble Fish* by S. E. Hinton (Gollancz £2.50) shows two bejeaned, identikit tikes having a fight; you can tell they're fighting, just about, because one bears a knife, the other a bicycle chain. This is an accomplished shocker about small-town US violence, featuring a tough kid who gets disillusioned with machismo and tries to go relatively straight. *I get annoyed when people want to kill me for some stupid little reason. Something big, I don't mind so much. I went up to the counter and got a chocolate milk.* The book is full of such startling juxtapositions; no doubt Hinton fans are by now among the more colourful personalities in our borstals.

The cover of *The Prince of Central Park* by Evan H. Rhodes (W. H. Allen £3.50) makes the Prince look like a little Zambian standing beneath brownish greenery and a tropical sun. But, no, it's Central Park all right, where Jay-jay flees the depravities of the New York slums to make his own world in this seemingly hostile wasteland. *The German wino-lady on the ninth floor who wondered what kind of kick it would be to ball an 11-year-old. But Jay-jay wasn't ready for love.* Although Mr Rhodes has nothing like the snap of Mr Hinton, it seems clear that American children's book writers have evolved a real inter-generational voice, much more direct and aware than the soft domesticity of our own.

Me and My Million by Clive King (Kestrel Books £2.75), for instance. Barry Wilkinson's cover renders the young hero in the style favoured by portraitists of the Woolworth school – intolerably lovable mites, all gaze and pout. The prose of this adventure – little Ringo abetting his brother Elvis's theft of a priceless painting – pouts too. *There's this hill, in London. At the bottom there are old men playing games with these big black wooden balls. There are some little kids shut up in a playground, and some posh people in white clothes hitting tennis balls.* Ain't it a shame, Cockney sparrows can't sing? A shame, because the story is really quite gripping.

Operation Cobra by Anders Bodelsen (Pelham Books £2.50) is jacketed by an effective black-and-white background of snow and an approaching motorcade, marred by the foreground figure, the frowning juvenile lead, who looks like Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Again, enterprising kids are 'drawn into' crime and intrigue, which they duly foil. *He was holding the bag over the railing. If he let go at the right moment, it would hit a car. If he practised a little, he could probably hit a car in the middle of the windscreen. What would happen then?* Throughout, the prose has this pleasing circumspection, combined with the sort of technical teasers which we like to think children like to think about. The author, a journalist, displays several kinds of nous seldom found in standard juvenile adventure.

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Films

John Coleman

Royal Flying Corpses

Aces High *ABC 1, Shaftesbury Avenue*
That's Entertainment, Part 2 *Empire*
Hollywood Cowboy *Plaza 1*
Conduct Unbecoming *Odeon, Haymarket*

Jack Gold has for long been a muttered good name among those who care about the future, let alone the present, of British cinema. Without wishing to knock TV, one has felt him the restless prisoner of it, accoladed but working in too small a physical medium, making the odd break-out on to the big screen (*The Bofors Gun*, yes: *Man Friday*, no), felt him as positively pacing back and forth, waiting for the liberation that only a large dollop of money can bring. All hail, then, to the producer, Benny Fisz, who contrived to raise the ready. *Aces High* may not prove to be Mr Gold's best film, but it is unquestionably his hugest and – one trusts – his way to the stars. If it succeeds at the box-office, as it deserves to, he will be able to write his own ticket: and *that* will be interesting. This rather good movie might be variously described: as *Journey's End* with wings; as a thoughtful homage to such pioneering World War I fly-throughs as *Hell's Angels*; as – most cunning and difficult of all – an expensive re-make of our notions about both the facts and subsequent fictions of that 1914-18 war. It would be wrong to dub it a satire: it is too straight-faced and honestly acted for that. It would be equally wrong to claim it for documentary: it is too sly, glossy, knowing for that. Like a lot of what passes for art, it is artifice, a hybrid – a fascinating monster. Somewhere, quite late on, a flaming body falls and falls from the sky: an Icarus with a twist.

The alterations to past history provided by Mr Gold and his writer, Howard Barker, never lose sight of this burning image. Only, the Greek did it for himself and the young men who went to fly and die in France 60 years ago rightly thought they had a cause. Blonde Croft (Peter Firth), for instance, an innocent from public school, hero-worshipping Gresham (Malcolm McDowell), his ex-house-captain gone to fight the Hun and leaving Croft's sister in something of a tizzy, too, behind him: this Croft turns up at a bleak, foreign flying field, his ears presumably ringing with Sir John Gielgud's headmasterly rubbish ('Playing the game for the game's sake . . .'), to find himself very much in the thin of things. His hero drinks to keep airborne; there is the local coward, Crawford (Simon Ward ingeniously cross-cast, and excellent), of whom sweet-faced Croft has to report, a shade stunned, 'He doesn't seem to want to come', when a first aerial sortie over enemy lines is broached; there are, everywhere, fine touches like THE SAVOY GRILL sign fudged up over the officers' mess-hut, a billiard table in an advanced state of deterioration with a furrow in it a cad can send a ball down and does, the frightful flash to top brass and Ray Milland – as a brigadier out of Sassoon – senilely murmuring of parachutes, '. . . might impair a pilot's nerve . . . good phrase, that'.

The old anger rises: Croft, clearly, is not long for this world, having his bitter-sweet night with a whore in the neighbouring town before his head-on, winged end, saving his beloved Gresham. Mr Gold's film is absolutely up to conveying the doomed lad's purity, the inevitability of his doom, and yet implying there is a certain silliness here. But, if anyone is to blame, it is felt to be someone as no one as God – in whose skies the biplanes move, flutter, lift in a threesome with the exhilaration of a hymn, very precise about their choreography of death. The credit for filming these extraordinary sequences belongs to one Peter Allwork: surely never was a fellow better named. The director, though, ought to have the major share of what laurels are going because this has every appearance of being a directed enterprise. How else to account for not merely the unusually fresh and steadfast performances of such as McDowell, Ward, new boy Firth, the first couple as slimmed-down and striking as if they had just emerged, bushy-tailed, from some anthropoid equivalent of a car-wash, but also of Christopher Plummer – losing his Old Vic-cum-Stratford, Canada, mannerisms – to be gently memorable as 'Uncle', the limping squadron leader who is asked to cope sympathetically with all those rapidly cynicised lambs for the slaughter?

Back in the temples of showbiz, *That's Entertainment, Part 2* is another gutting of great moments from MGM. If one may read the news about this, one went – out of character – to the premiere and would be less than open with you if one failed to review the audience. Which clapped and clapped and probably still is, in segments, somewhere, clapping. The sound of people smacking their hands together in face of a screen is pretty stupid: there has to be an element of self-applause in there. One sat on one's digits until demure Michael Aspel, summoning celebrities from the house, post-movie, said, 'Donald O'Connor'. Then one clapped, right along with the worst of them, discovering in the process that one was – after all – a member of the human race. I love musicals, at which MGM was always approximating to superb. It needs no more developed brain than the one that governed the hands that beat for Mr O'Connor or unleashed the tear-ducts that cried when (on-screen) Leslie Caron and Gene Kelly lilted through 'Our Love Is Here to Stay' to report that there is great pleasure available in this package. Mr Kelly is the voice stitching most of it together, with assists from Fred Astaire: and, mercifully, there is less commentary than in the first *That's Entertainment*. There are also some terrific gags and items and idiotic splendours, right up or down to Arthur Freed, the brilliant producer of a mass of the best of this, singing 'Wedding of the Painted Doll'. It is like eating *hors d'oeuvres* for eternity: there are worse fates.

Among those could be believing some of the notices for Howard Zieff's *Hollywood Cowboy*, which is a nice enough little film, with sufficient jokes to warrant attendance, but by no means the authorised version of the Twenties/Thirties US movie colony's life-style that John Schlesinger is supposed to have blown in making Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*. Mr Schlesinger took on an altogether headier project and, with it, high risks. Mr Zieff has a fattish Jeff Bridges as an aspiring writer of and for Westerns; Alan Arkin as a cut-price director whose sincerity you could slice with wool; Donald Pleasence looking uncannily like a cartoon of Cecil B. DeMille, even if he is cast as a publisher. Something's adrift here and not only here. Michael Anderson's direction of Barry England's larky, old-fashioned, well-made *Conduct Unbecoming* (which one can see as workable on a stage, even holding) effectively wrecks it. Against odds one only guesses at, Michael York, a new, wilful face, James Faulkner, and an old wilful one, already referred to, that of Christopher Plummer, are totally professional.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Headliners

Yesterday's News *Theatre Upstairs*
Bus Stop *Phoenix*
Dom Juan *Hampstead*

The programme at the Theatre Upstairs lists Hayden Griffin as designer, a job that can't have cost him much sweat, since the set consists of seven lecture-hall chairs in a straight line and two committee-room ashtrays on the floor in front of them. The cast, members of the Joint Stock company, sit side by side and talk in monologues, as dispassionately as if they were at the doctor's with a collective cold. *Yesterday's News* is stark, austere and riveting, a reminder of how little it takes to create effective drama. It also makes an apt choice for the re-opening of London's most important fringe theatre, a place always more celebrated for social conscience than for theatrical effect, guilt rather than gilt. The main character, I should explain, is one of those boy-soldiers whisked off to the Angolan jungles without knowing his trigger from his sights; the other speakers include those who enlisted him, fought beside him, were left behind by him, and gambled on the success or failure of the MPLA on the London Stock Exchange; and the subject, if one wishes to

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be abstract about it, is British militarism in the neo-colonial era.

Certainly, the play shows how poor job opportunities in civvy street, the prospect of quick lucre abroad, racial contempt, and the remnants of imperial arrogance have combined to create that modern crusader, the mercenary. But it's all very concretely done, without pontificating, editorialising or obvious unfairness. The cast plays the characters from those characters' points of view, not from any sanctimonious stance in the fly-tower. Most have a marvellous authenticity: Will Knightley's raw recruit, bony-faced and felt-haired, the sort of innocuous, restless boy you might catch in any London youth club; Linda Goddard as his inarticulately outraged girl-friend; Philip McGough's recruiting officer, stocky and unsmiling in his leather jacket. Even Tony Mathews's stockbroker has a humanising insecurity beneath the city bray. If I have a worry, it's about the handling of the journalist who pursues the runaway's distraught parents with pencil, cheque-book and female understanding. As Gillian Barge plays her, she's not unsympathetic, still less untrue; but it's clear that we're supposed to have serious reservations about her determination to get a 'good story' out of others' suffering. This seems to me shortsighted. Her personal motives, however suspect, don't affect her public usefulness. Without ample coverage in the popular press, sensational headlines and all, the case of the Angolan mercenaries would never have penetrated the national consciousness, and the Joint Stock would not have been in a position to research, write and present this play.

That would have been a pity, since, among other things, it would deprive us of the evening's most striking successes: Paul Kember and David Rintoul as (respectively) the ex-para who didn't make it into the SAS and the ex-para who did – the one flash, voluble and aggressive, the other dark, withdrawn and far more dangerous. They crash onstage after the others have taken their seats, draw up chairs and exchange clinical wisdom about violence and atrocity in Ulster, Vietnam and elsewhere. Here are the professionals, complete with their private jargon. Here, in fact, are men the British army has trained into highly efficient machines and then set loose to kill and plunder for anyone with money to pay their hire. So the actor-writers assure us, with all the documentary evidence they can muster, and I believe them, though I'm not sure what they expect us to do about it, short of abolishing the army itself or banning foreign travel for ex-soldiers. But then the play is less a constructive solution than a chilling reminder – and, perhaps, a timely warning. After all, what the company modestly calls 'yesterday's news' is today's and tomorrow's news as well: Rhodesia is about to explode upon us.

The top-brass season at the Phoenix has been little short of grisly, as it was bound to be, given its thoroughly philistine premise: that celebrity is to be equated with excellence, and that stars will shine wherever they fall, even if that 'wherever' is a scratch English cast in the Charing Cross Road. But this time the imports are Lee Remick and Keir Dullea, both of whom can act a bit, and together they inject some life and wit into William Inge's tale of the dim-witted 'chanteuse' (pronounced *shen-tooze*) abducted by the raucous cowboy from Montana. They seem not at all disconcerted by the very British presence of Alfred Marks, a drunken professor, and Miriam Karlin, a lascivious widow-woman jointly reminding us that *Bus Stop* purports to have a serious theme, namely loneliness. All the same, I suspect that this road-house fairy story will prove too winsome for most modern teeth. Having satisfactorily exposed the emptiness of the boy's machismo to him, why on earth does the girl soften at his sudden shyness, and agree to continue north to his ranch? It still seems a pretty fragile basis for marriage. But there you have William Inge, America's leading specialist in fragile bases, fragile emotions, fragile thinking, fragile people, fragile everything: the Tennessee Williams of mid-Western whimsy.

Molière's *Dom Juan* ought to be an interesting study of a fanatic freethinker, not to say freedoer: at Hampstead it's just a sorry splurge, with the cackling head of Tom Conti's seducer-king intermittently visible above the general incompetence. The director, Robert Cordier, tries his damnedest to liven things up, introducing 'funny' business, gratuitous mime, pop music, Berlioz, sci-fi bangs, pouting sluts from the *Rocky Horror Show*, and a Hell's Angel on an (invisible) motor-bike. In other words, he's desperate, his desperation shows, and it is entirely justified.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Transatlantic

Stuttgart Ballet *London Coliseum*
Royal Ballet *New York*
New York City Ballet *New York*

It is too early to say whether the Stuttgart Ballet's second visit to London will be as successful as their first, when Cranko's full-length *Onegin* and *Shrew* were a revelation to British audiences. One of the triple-bills, largely created by Glen Tetley who has just finished a brief period as Cranko's successor, is an unknown quantity till next week; the other is a repeat of works which are already popular here, with the chance of seeing Marcia Haydée in Fonteyn's role in *Poème de l'Extase*.

The season opened with *Romeo and Juliet*, already familiar in its Lavrovsky and MacMillan versions; Cranko's, three years older than MacMillan's, is in many ways preferable to either. The scenery is not so spectacular but the choreography is more inventive, and Cranko's production is specially notable for the characterisations and the performances. Paris is sympathetic, doing his best to win Juliet's love; Tybalt, no melodramatic villain, kills Mercutio almost by accident. The individual members of the crowd are convincingly depicted. The supporting company is full of good-looking and talented dancers, some of whom will be seen in leading roles during the season. On the first night Haydée was a dramatically effective and moving Juliet, dancing gloriously in the difficult pas de deux, though she has not got the magic trick of looking like a teenage girl. The outstanding performances came from Richard Cragun and Egon Madsen as Romeo and Mercutio. Cragun combines a swashbuckling virility with impeccable technique; Madsen is a virtuoso in his agility and lightness, a master-actor in his mocking humour which turns to pathos. It is hard to imagine either of these performances being bettered, except perhaps when they swap roles.

Meanwhile in New York our Royal Ballet have just finished a four-week season which was highly praised for the dancing and widely criticised for the repertoire, which included innumerable performances of the ubiquitous *Romeo and Juliet*, seen in New York on many previous occasions. Ashton's *A Month in the Country* was a predictable triumph, despite some American distaste for story ballets, but it was given ridiculously few performances. MacMillan's *Rituals* was an equally predictable disaster, despite or perhaps because of American interest in East meeting West (Balanchine did it so much better in *Bugaku*). I took the opportunity of seeing Seymour as *Manon*; in her own way she is as persuasive and moving as Makarova. Wall's Des Grieux, squirming with embarrassment when forced to cheat at cards, and Dowell's Lescaut, villainous and decadent, are more interesting than the interpretations they originally gave in the opposite roles.

Next door, at Lincoln Center, New York City Ballet presented the world premiere of Balanchine's *Union Jack*, an improbable hour-long bicentennial tribute to Britain. Ultimately it will form the centre of a triple bill, with *Stars and Stripes* and a Francophile piece to be created next year. As it stands, it is a superb piece of show-biz offending some of the classier critics but delighting the audience. It starts as Balanchine's version of the Royal Tournament with a prolonged series of slow formation marches by unusually glamorous and trim Scots guardsmen in full regalia. The second section is music-hall, a comic costermonger duet, hilariously performed by Patrici McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous. The third is a mixture of *Pineapple Poll*, *Fanc Free* and the Rockettes, with legions of sailors, male and female, including Pete Martins languidly smoking a cigarette Jacques d'Amboise doing a brilliant horn pipe and Suzanne Farrell leading the sexies imaginable line of Wrens. It is spectacular funny and strangely moving, especially in the corny yet effective finale with the Union Jack as the backcloth, the cast semaphoring 'God Save the Queen' to the strains of 'Rul Britannia' and then standing at the salute a the cannons roar.

Balanchine has assembled what looks lik the largest cast ever seen on any stage, an translated various British folk-dances int classical ballet divertissements. Rouben Ter Arutunian's toy-theatre Tower Bridge set the right mood for the first scene, while h

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uniforms are sensationally smart. Hershy Kay's arrangement of traditional marches and songs provides the ideal accompaniment. *Union Jack* is a welcome contrast to NYCB's mainly abstract repertoire. So is Jerome Robbins's *Ma Mere L'Oye*, created for the Ravel festival; it's a charmingly simple conceit with dancers, dressed up as fairly-tale characters gently burlesquing themselves and the classics. I also greatly enjoyed Robbins's *An Evening's Waltzes*, which does for Prokofiev what *Dances at a Gathering* did for Chopin, and Balanchine's *Cortège Hongrois*, yet more variations on and from *Raymonda*, stylishly performed by Kay Mazzo (my favourite NYCB ballerina) and Peter Schaufuss, dancing better than ever.

One of many eye-openers in New York was the sight of Baryshnikov in white pants and tank top shimmying alongside Judith Jamison in *Pas de Duke*, an Ellington pas de deux specially created by Alvin Ailey for his gala. We must see Baryshnikov in some of his party pieces here; for that matter, the Royal Ballet might well have a go at *Union Jack*.

Television

Dennis Potter

Warp Factor 1

The time-warp on television which makes *Star Trek* materialise again and again on the BBC screens has been creating such a queasy sense of recurring phantasms in recent programme schedules that I thought it made sense to tune in to Monday's repeat of the repeat of the episode called *That Which Endures* if only to find out what the stunningly prophetic title threatens. Sizzling through space at a speed fast enough to split infinitives, the starship Enterprise is still engaged in that same old mission 'to boldly go where no man has gone before'. A far-reaching intention which may yet bind one generation to another as the intrepid crew zip their way through the years that take a viewer from the nursery to the geriatric ward via *Play School* and *Panorama*. This week (in a manner of speaking) the spacemen touched down on a planet with blue rocks, russet grass and a crimson sky, mundane background for dialogue vibrant enough to carry its own colour: 'such evil and she so beautiful!' All the wicked female android wanted was to disrupt the cellular structure of the human body, but only one of the regular cast was made to suffer in this manner – presumably because his contract had expired. 'His last words were a warning cry about some strange woman!' And he'll say it again and again and again, down here in Angela Rippon's world.

Warning cries are often expressed in the language of *Star Trek*, as we heard in the second of Julian Pettifer's *Spirit of 76* (BBC-1) on the same evening. (The dialogue in pulp scripts eventually reaches the sociology faculties, or perhaps it's the other way round.) Pettifer's hideously diverting report on American family life – punningly subtitled *The State of the Union* – came up with a Professor of Human Development called Bronfenbrenner who talked of the 'fragmentation' and 'disintegration' of modern American marriages with the gusto of someone touting a laser beam around a few million air-conditioned bedrooms. His terminology certainly fitted the people on view, however, for many of them were far more weird and exotic than the fauna of those extraterrestrial planets where man has to boldly go. There were also the usual zombie forecasts about our own tomorrows being California's today, though I hope never to switch on the radio to find a sex-pert on a phone-in programme telling someone 'your womanly psyche is being rubbed into sand'.

The cameras ogled into a mutual massage sequence in a 'sensitivity workshop', lingered over tearful distress in counselling rooms, took an understandably less-than-erect view of a naked man leaping from a huge parcel presented to a San Francisco wife as a birthday present, and generally sleazed around in odd corners as though bringing back news of a species which had been bred by a disdainful computer. In the circumstances, it would be odd to complain that the programme failed to make connections – a sex-shop will surely put that right – but would it have been too much of a strain in the head rather than the loins if the quaintly old-fashioned word 'capitalism' had been mentioned? But, then, one doesn't want to be plain dirty, and it's only an extension of the market if the inside of the head is turned into yet another consumer product.

The time-warp was again buckling and bending through both of the major drama productions of the week, Rattigan's *French Without Tears* on BBC-1 and William Trevor's *The Nicest Man in the World* on ITV. The Rattigan comedy is exactly as old as I am, but seems to be rather better preserved. An artificial sun still shines above the Villa Miramar where young English oafs stumble through funny French phrases over their breakfast oeufs and the whole thing was radiant enough to evoke an utterly spurious nostalgia for a place one has never been to, words one has never spoken and people one could never have wished to meet. 'I know, old girl, it's a rotten sort of thing to have to do,' and so on, and so back. The characters are not so much innocent as unfit to plead. A few casual asides about dictators were no more ominous than the buzz of a fly at a picnic and a splendid cast pranced about under a huge glass case as if not in the least frightened of running out of air. None of them would have known how to translate 'sensitivity workshop' into English let alone French. Thanks awfully, chaps.

The Nicest Man in the World had the funeral of an old man at the beginning and the funeral of an old woman at the end, yet managed to escape accusations of being a well-made play by avoiding undue levity in the middle. The elderly pair were happy and rich, but at the husband's funeral the widow glimpses four mysterious old ladies in black huddled together on the far side of the grave. They appear again at the funeral supper where a small string band scrapes out selections from *Chu Chin Chow*. Trevor territory, indeed – one which he knows like the back of a wrinkled hand. The conventions of a ghost story, and a melancholy realisation that it is only the truth which haunts, turned this play into a gently perceptive exploration along the meanders of an old woman's mind. The salutary figures in black represented a few of the former infidelities of 'the nicest man', her dead husband, and the wry movement of the play was towards acceptance and forgiveness as well as back into memory and disillusion. Celia Johnson's performance as the widow was of such accurate fragility that you could almost see the thoughts forming and dissolving beneath the extraordinarily fine lattice of her skin. I suppose the starship crew would call it a voyage into inner space: that which endures, OK?

Records

Bayan Northcott

Late Thaw

Sibelius: Violin Concerto; Two Serenades Op 69; Humoresque No 5 *HMV ASD 3199* £3.20

Having chosen to talk to a local music society about Sibelius recently, I was appalled when listeners started coming up afterwards to say how relieved they felt that his music seemed to be critically 'all right' once more. The idea of any composer having to be enjoyed almost as a guilty secret suddenly brought home to me just how much damage a press thumbs-down such as that against Sibelius 10 or 15 years ago can do. He was a provincial late-romantic of no conceivable relevance to the New Music, we were assured. Yet the public who have gone on buying records of *Tapiola* and the Fifth Symphony are surely right to cherish a sweep and continuity of form that have become rare indeed in more recent music: a continuity which can be shown in any of his mature masterpieces to spring from a strikingly disciplined and innovatory exploitation of fundamental harmonic phenomena.

Though, admittedly, not so much in the Violin Concerto, where the obtrusively Slavic cast of the material and the unavoidable conventions of solo figuration do rather point backwards to Tchaikovsky. That said, however, the new recording is unequivocally to be welcomed. Ida Haendel yields nothing to her many rivals in intensity and skill – even adding a few double-stops of her own to a part already notorious for its difficulty. Paavo Berglund demolishes the myth of the first movement's 'rhapsodic' form with a reading of exceptional broadness and power that helps to bring out its cogent underlying key-structure, and the HMV engineers have once again captured the quite special bloom that the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra radiates in the spacious ambience of the Southampton Guildhall.

Yet the fill-ups are the real revelation. The Humoresque (taken a little too slowly

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here) is one of a set of six composed between the Fifth and Sixth symphonies. Sophisticated, oddly-slanted 'portraits' of salon music – rather in the sense that Stravinsky's *Ragtime* is a 'portrait' of early jazz – they are at least occasionally heard and have been recorded. But the two serenades, written between the Fourth and Fifth, prove such idiosyncratic movements that one hesitates to describe them as 'light' at all. Serenade No 2 alternates plaintive, Greig-like phrases that proceed to drift into dissonance against their background harmonies with remote, galloping textures – surely the musical equivalent of Auden's reindeer moving across those 'Miles and miles of golden moss'. Serenade No 1 presents an apparently simple little drawing-room tune, complete with sentimental upward slither, in so detached a manner – with each phrase in turn as it were extracted, examined for its own possibilities, re-scored, then slotted back – that one almost has the impression of listening to an analytic commentary as one goes along. The effect, elliptical at first, becomes maddeningly memorable on further hearings.

These in fact are the sort of pieces – and I cannot recall previous performances or recordings of either – that so intensify the baffled curiosity of Sibelians for a whole catalogue of rarities: unrecorded tone poems such as *The Dryad* (1901), virtually unplayed orchestral works such as the *Dance Intermezzo* (1907) and others known merely by reputation, such as the large-scale choral cantata, *The Origin of Fire* (1902-10). But what chance of studying these or such things as the delectable incidental music to Strindberg's *Swanwhite* (of which Berglund has at least recorded a selection), when it is still impossible to buy scores of works as important as *Nightride and Sunrise*, *Luonnotar* and *The Oceanides*? If their scandalous restriction to 'hire only' has been justified by that alleged 'decline of interest' in the composer of a decade ago, then I can only suggest it is time enthusiasts began to bombard the publishers (see any Sibelius monograph to find out which) with letters to the contrary.

Weekend Competition

No 2413 **Set by Caduta Massi**

Following the titanic success of our haiku comp., candidates are now asked to render *Jane Eyre*, *Middlemarch*, *Emma*, *Little Women* or any other classic from a female pen in the form of a single *tanka*. That's five lines, of 5,7,5,7, and 7 syllables respectively. By 4 June.

Result of No 2410 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Competitors were asked to report on the royal vicissitudes of yesteryear in the style of our contemporary gutter-press hacks.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

Frankly, a rather disappointing entry on the whole – though the winners, particularly Mr Kilmington (a find), aren't at all bad. The entries might have been enlivened by some typographical vulgarity – subheads like **Passionate** and **Scorn**, alternation between roman, *italics*, **bold** and CAPS for every new cliché, etc. Still, there was enough coarseness and sentimentality around to satisfy. £7 to Mr Kilmington, £5 to his runners-up.

LUSTY MONARCH'S YAH-BOO TO POPE: 'HENRY RULES, O.K.?'

As every telly-viewer knows, not content with one or two . . . or three or four or five . . . Henry the Eighth had to have sex (oops, sorry!) *six* wives. And when he wasn't bedding 'em he was beheading 'em. When the Pope said he couldn't divorce Catherine of Aragon our maestro of matrimony told him where he could put his Papal Bull, and that's how England became Protestant – Protestant sex led to Protestant sects. Funny thing, history.

(Next week in our grand new series, A Land Fit For Eros To Live In: Balmoral – or was it? Victoria's Highland Fun and Games. Why was the Queen's favourite song John Brown's Body? Don't miss these startling revelations.)

S. J. KILMINGTON

ODDS ON FOR ANNIE'S HEAD'S-OFF

Crikey! It's beginning to look as if Queen Ann is dead, or as good as.

King Hal had her moved to the Bloody Tower yesterday, and already she's beefing about the grub. 'The eats aren't a patch on the Palace.'

Nor should they be, we say.

Yessir, it really seems that Hal has decided to chopper his two-timing Number Two wife, who was convicted of stringing him along with several Whitehall hangers-on. In which case, the sooner it's axes at dawn the better. Keeping Queenies, even in t'Bloody Tower, costs money and there seems to be no good reason for keeping Princess Lizzie's Mum in suspense any longer than necessary anyways. If she's getting it in the neck for necking, it's better it's soonest.

Meantime, rumour has it King Hal has started to see more of Janie Seymour (Whoops! Get it?)

M. K. CHEESEMAN

HE HUMPED HER AT HEVER

He was the successful son of an old Welsh family that had struck it rich in England. *She* was a Kentish maiden tip-toeing through the cowslips and never understanding why bulls had to keep putting their feet up. His wife was a Spanish fly in the ointment Who Had Never Understood Him, so that when he went hunting the hart down at Hever it wasn't surprising that he lost his own. In fact, it was a case of He Came, He Saw – and Intimacy Occurred. 'You're absolutely first chop, look you,' he murmured in the first ecstasy of their love-making – and she giggled as she didn't really know what he meant. Yesterday, when the Decree Absolute was pronounced in no uncertain terms on Tower Hill, she found out . . .

MOLLY FITTON

CHILD-BRIDE JUDY FLIES TO LOVER BALDWIN

Who said the English were a lot of stuffed breastplates? His Majesty's whirlwind romance with his teenage stepmother, Queen Judith, should have been enough to show the world that, when it comes to true love, we are the first to knock outdated conventions aside. As for the Froggies, they soon showed they are still living in the 8th century: I found it difficult to restrain my tears as I watched our Judy being hustled away to the cold cheerless convent which her flint-hearted father, Charles the Bald, had personally selected as her prison. But the bird has now flown – into the arms of tall, handsome, titled Baldwin, the most eligible bachelor in Flanders! King Ethelbert was the first to wish her well. 'May ye beste manne **wynn,' he grinned ruefully** when I spoke to him soon after the news broke.

C. VITA-FINZI

Assiac

Chess Board

No 1382 **Thrilling Last Roun**

At the beginning of the last round at Bir mingham Mestel and Stean led the field with 7 points each, Damjanovic ½ point behind and White against Stean, whilst young Jonathan had Black against John Nunn, all the mor dangerous since, with nothing much to lose h could throw caution to the winds. As it hap pened after much vicissitude the game cam down to a R & P ending in Jonathan's favour but it was quite exciting in its earlier stages.

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,d6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Ktd4:,Ktf6 5) Ktc3,g6; 6) Be3,Bg7; 7) f3,0-0; 8) Bc4,Bd7; 9 Qd2,Ktc6; 10) 0-0-0,Kte5; 11) Bb3,Rc8; 12) Bg5 Ktc4; 13) Qe2 He should have swapped tha menacing horse, Ktb2:!; 14) Kb2:,Rc3:! With th idea of . . .Qa5† & . . .Qg5:; 15) Bf6:,Rb3:†; 16 ab:,Bf6:; 17) c3,Qb6; 18) f4,e5; 19) fe:,Be5:; 20 Qd3,Rc8; 21) Rhf1,Be6; 22) Rc1,Bc4; 23) Qh3,Rc Necessary to stop Rf7: followed by Q-check perpetual; 24) Rfd1,Rc5 He would like to sacrific the B on b3 and continue . . . Rb5, but has to guar against . . . Qc8† first; 25) Rc2,Kg7! Now the threa is on, but White's next envisages further cover o b3; 26) Ra1,Rc7 That's when I had to catch one o the midday-trains to London; 27) Ra4,a5; 28) Qe3 Kg8; 29) b4,Rc5; 30) Kc1,ab:; 31) Ra8†,Kg7; 32 Ktf5†! Kt taboo on account of mating threat, Kf6 33) Kh6,Ke6; 34) Re8†,Kd7; 35) Re7†,Kc6; 36 Ktd4†,Bd4:; 37) cd:,Qa5!; 38) Qe3,b3; 39 d5† Kb5; 40) Rb7:†,Ka6; 41) Rb8,Qc7; 42) Rb4,bc:; 43 Qa3†,Ra5; 44) Qc3,Rc5; 45)Qa3†,Ra5; 46) Qc3 Qc5; 47) Qc4:†,Qc4:; 48) Rc4:,Kb5; 49) Rc7,Ra4 50) Rf7:,Re4:; 51) Kc2:,Rh4; 52) h3,Kc4; and afte another dozen moves or so White had to resign giving 19-year-old Jonathan first prize.

By beating Stean in a sound game Damjano vic made sure of the second prize; the Yugo slav grandmaster (five wins and five draws) wa the only one unbeaten and, incidentally, mor than twice the age of most of his competitors

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,d6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Qd4:,Ktc6 Rather more adventurous is . . . Ktf6; 5) e5,Ktc6 6) Bb5,Qa5†; as dared by Larsen against Szabo a Hastings many years ago; 5) Bb5,Bd7; 6) Bc6:,Bc6 7) c4,Ktf6; 8) Ktc3,e6; 9) 0-0,Be7; 10) Rd1,0-0 11) Qd3,Qa5; 12) Ktd4,Rfd8; 13) Qe2,Rac8; 14 Bd2,Qc7; 15) Rac1,Be8; 16) b3,a6; 17) Be3,Qb8 18) Bf4,Ktd7 Michael told me that this and the pre ceding move (. . . Qa5! better than . . . Qb8?) go him into trouble: 19) Bg3,Kte5?; 20) f4,Ktc6; 21 Ktf3,Kta5; 22) f5,b5; 23) fe:,fe:; 24) Ktd4,b4; 25 Qg4,Bf6; 26) Ktce2,Bd7; 27) Kte6:,Ktb7; 28) Kt2f4 Ktc5; 29) Ktd5,Be6:; 30) Ktf6†,Kh8; 31) Qh4,gf 32) Qf6:†,Kg8; 33) Qg5†,Kf8; 34) Rf1†,Bf7; 35 Rf7:†!,Kf7:; 36) Rf1†,Ke8; 37) Qg7, 1-0.

The 4 pointer for beginners is a game pos tion in which Black hoped 1) . . . h6?? to b the winning move. Why, in fact, did it chuc away a useful ½ point? For 6 ladder-points I is an instructive miniature speedily resolved i either of two variations. A win. **C** (for 7) miniature – win too and a 1st first prize-winner It takes a mere seven moves to force the win Usual prizes, entries by 1 June.

A: Friedmann-Paterson 1962: /8/5pkp 4p1p1/4P3/p5PK/P4q1P/3Q4/8/.

B: Prokop: /4r3/4kt3/16/4k3/5R2/4KR2/8/

C: Rinck: /1B3b2/5Kt2/16/4k3/8/6bP/4K3/

Report on No 1378 *Set 16 Apr*

A: 1) Rc1,K any; 2) e4†,Ke4:; 3) Re1 & 4) e4†† B: 1) Ke1,Kd3; 2) Qg4, etc. Or 1) . . . Kf3 2) Qc4, etc.

C: Black K on h4, and 1) d4,Kh5; 2) Qd3, etc Or 1) . . . Kg4; 2) e4, etc.

D: 1) Ra4!,c4; 2) Qf7†,Kg4; 3) b4,c3††.

E: 1) g8=Q,c5†!; 2) Kd3!,e1=Kt†!; 3) Ke4 (Ke2?),h1=Q!(Ktf3:?); 4) c4†,Ka4!; 5) Qe6!!,de 6) Ra3†, etc. Or 5) . . . Qh4†; 6) g4,de:; 7) Ra3† etc.

F: 1) Bd2,b2; 2) Bh7!!,b1=Q; 3) Bc3†,Qb2 4) Ktg6,Kb1; 5) Kte5†,Ka1; 6) Ktd3, etc.

Many bouquets for **D**, the delightful su Prizes: E. Allan, J. R. Holland, C. J. McSheehy A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

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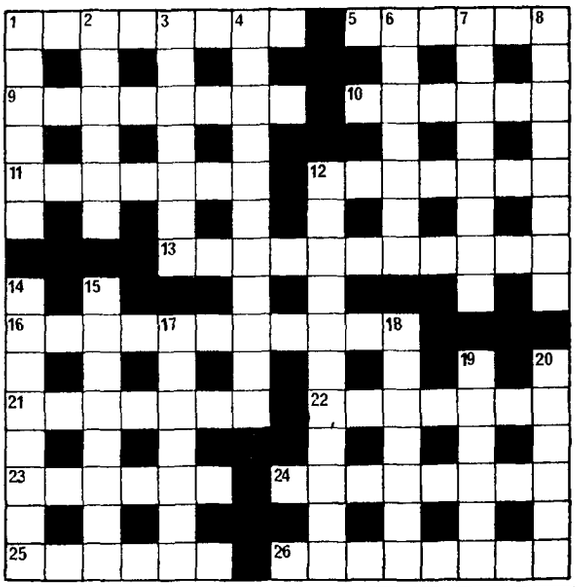
Weekend Crossword 1165

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1165, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 1 June.



ACROSS

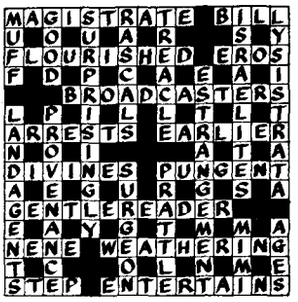
1. Is any 1600 material included in science? (8).
5. I am a vehicle for the foot (6).
9. Realm not to be seen as city (8).
10. Masculine skills discover the seats of affection (6).
11. Musical introduction (7).
12. Man or monkey for bishop (7).
13. Working girls appear in an unknown constellation (11).
16. When a playwright is included among the living it is amazing (11).
21. 'That moral ——, man and wife' (Byron) (7).
22. Though fat, I am prepared to be photographed on the commercial (7).
23. One of these nymphs might be disguised as Diana (6).
24. Occurred to a one-time army and England captain (8).
25. The sweet endlessly court Mr Cooper (6).
26. Turned up and listened (8).

DOWN

1. Land which has to do with sea (6).
2. Music provided when there are no facilities for cricket practice (6).
3. Vegetables which break ranks (7).
4. Bird puts honour before queer movement and lecherous look (11).
6. Where to spend the morning with a woman (7).
7. Uncivilised although it contains pubs (8).
8. State of uncertainty among us writers in the London area (8).
12. Foretell about the last word uttered in a difficult situation (11).
14. Defaults but is given a degree by crooked dons (8).
15. Boasting one would be ruler once the bird had flown (8).
17. Hero's friend has to depend on the sign of danger being reversed (7).
18. Expression of a determined champion (7).
19. The rowing man went first and took part in another sport (6).
20. Did some lines when kept in (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1163



Prizewinners to No 1163

Keith Nicholson (London NW3)
P. Kirkby (Teddington)
B. Robson (Cheltenham)

APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
DIVISION OF ECONOMIC STUDIES

Applications are invited from men and women for the following posts, tenable from 1 October 1976:

TWO LECTURESHIPS IN ECONOMICS

ONE with special interest in economic statistics and quantitative economics, ONE with special interest in any area of economics. Applicants must have good honours degree in Economics. Initial salary in range £3,174-£3,786 (scale rises to £6,446).

The University may offer in near future two temporary lectureships in Economics; applicants for above posts requested to indicate whether they would be interested in any temporary appointment also.

TWO LECTURESHIPS IN ACCOUNTING AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT

Applicants with good accounting and finance degree possibly with closely related subjects e.g. Economics, Business Studies. Initial salary on lecturers' scale £3,174-£6,446. (These two posts are in addition to those advertised in late April/early May).

Particulars (state for which posts) from the Registrar and Secretary, the University, Sheffield, S10 2TN to whom applications (5 copies) should be sent by 8 June 1976. Quote Ref. R.408/D.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
requires
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

for the European Research department to handle case-work on the USSR. Background knowledge of the area preferable together with a knowledge of Soviet politics. Good typing and fluent Russian essential.

Salary £2,910 p.a. Please call 01-404 5831 Ext. 29 for further information.

Race Relations Trust
SHORTHAND/COPY TYPIST
required (male/female)

Salary £2,392 p.a. Luncheon vouchers. 4 weeks' holiday. WC2 area. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. 5-day week.

01-836 3266/9

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER
LECTURESHIP IN POLITICS

Applications are invited from men and women graduates for a Lectureship in the politics of developing states.

Preference may be given to candidates with a special interest in W. African or Indian politics although those with other interests should not be deterred. The successful candidate would also be expected to assist with the teaching of courses on the governments of W. Europe and/or USA.

Salary will be according to experience and qualifications on the scale £3,174 to £6,446 a year with superannuation benefits.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 7 June 1976 quoting reference PNS.

PADDINGTON CHURCHES Housing Association. Committee Secretary and Information Officer needs mature administrative assistant with excellent audio typing (shorthand an advantage). May suit experienced older person. Flexible hours possible. Salary £2,650 (review due 1 July), 4 weeks holiday. Apply for application form and job description to Personnel Officer, 54 Leamington Road Villas, London W11. or 'phone 01-229 9526.

CAMDEN OLD PEOPLE'S WELFARE ASSOCIATION
CLUB LEADER

for Day Centre in St. Pancras; duties include organisation of activities and interests, lunch club, handling and accounting for monies such as subscriptions, payments for welfare foods, outings etc.
24 days' annual leave, superannuation, salary within scale £2,265-£2,910 including L.W. Application forms (obtainable from General Secretary) to be returned completed not later than 4 June to:

GENERAL SECRETARY, COPWA, 335 Gray's Inn Road, WC1X 8PX.

ORGANISER

for new experimental three-year pilot scheme for leisure activities for housebound elderly people: initially handicraft-orientated but with scope for expansion in other directions. Casual car user's allowance, salary within scale £2,265-£3,072 including L.W. Other conditions and applications as for Club Leader above.

FABIAN SOCIETY wishes to appoint a new General Secretary. Salary: £4,992 - £5,322. Full details and application form from Tom Ponsonby, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1H 9BN. Closing date 18 June 1976.

RESIDENT SENIOR HOUSEPARENT, male or female required September, care of small group autistic children. Home Office salary scale, school holidays and weekends free. Only qualified applicants considered. Inquiries: Principal, The Helen Allison School, 29 The Overcliffe, Gravesend, Kent.

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS
Department of Economics

Applications are invited for the
ESMEE FAIRBAIRN LECTURESHIP
in BUSINESS FINANCE

tenable initially for three years from 1 October 1976. Salary on scale £3,174-£6,446, starting salary not exceeding £4,806; FSSU/USS.

Applications (2 copies, preferably in typescript) with the names of three referees, should be lodged by 4 June 1976 with the Establishments Officer of the University, College Gate, St Andrews, Fife, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT BUCKINGHAM
LECTURER IN POLITICS

Particular interests in theoretical studies and/or European Political Institutions. Good honours degree. FSSU/USS.

Particulars from Registrar, Buckingham MK18 1EG.
Appointment from October 1976. Apply by 31 May.

ELECTRICAL POWER ENGINEERS' ASSOCIATION
SECRETARY for COMMITTEE WORK

There is a vacancy for an assistant to join the team responsible for servicing various committees of this Trade Union. At present two committee secretaries deal with this work and now require assistance due to greatly increased activity. Duties initially: taking dictation of reports etc., normal secretarial duties; gaining experience by accompanying committee secretary to meetings. Ultimately, it is intended that the assistant will assume a measure of this work independently.
There is scope for advancement for someone who can write concisely, is really competent at the essential skills of shorthand/typewriting, and who is interested in this type of work.
Salary starting on range £2,392 - £3,082; progressing to range £3,192 - £4,067; initially three weeks four days' holiday, plus additional days at Bank Holidays; pension scheme; canteen facilities. Please write or telephone:

Mrs Megan Wolstenholme,
Electrical Power Engineers' Association,
Station House, Fox Lane North, Chertsey, Surrey.
Telephone: Chertsey (09 328) 64131.

BIRMINGHAM
BROOK ADVISORY CENTRE
requires
ORGANISER

Challenging post in multi-discipline team for person of initiative and enthusiasm in sympathy with aims of the centre which offers contraceptive, pregnancy testing, counselling and educational services mainly for the young. Responsible for running of 5 Birmingham centres working with committees and negotiating and working with Birmingham AHA (T).

Social work/administrative training and experience necessary, preference will be given to youth work experience. Salary scale: Whitley Council Senior or General Admin, according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars from: Birmingham Brook Advisory Centre, 9 York Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 9HX.

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SCOTTISH TRADES UNIONS CONGRESS

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

With responsibility for Research into Economic and Social Matters. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons. Commencing salary £3,600 rising by four equal annual increments of £105 to £4,020 and subject to annual salary review.

Forms of application and full information about the range of responsibilities and other conditions of employment can be obtained from **Mr James Milne, General Secretary, Scottish Trades Unions Congress, 16 Woodlands Terrace, Glasgow G3 6DF.**

Closing date for applications is Friday 18 June 1976.

United Kingdom Council for Overseas Student Affairs in conjunction with The Churches Commission on Overseas Students

Applications are invited for a new post of

Executive Secretary of the CCOS (part-time)

and

Associate Secretary of UKCOSA (part-time)

The two elements make up a full-time appointment tenable in a small team at the UKCOSA offices in 60 Westbourne Grove, London W2.

The successful applicant will be willing to work ecumenically with the Churches and will probably be a graduate with some previous administrative experience and service overseas. Salary is negotiable.

Further particulars and an application form, returnable before 11 June 1976, can be obtained from the Chairman of the CCOS, Revd Douglas A Brown, 2 Chester House, Pages Lane, London N10 1PR.

Welfare Officer

(£3,183-£3,543 p.a. inclusive)

The person appointed will initially be based at the Waltham Forest Precinct, Forest Road, London E17, and should be prepared to move within other designated areas of the Polytechnic.

We are looking for a person (of either sex) to be responsible for helping students resolve their various personal and financial problems. He/she will work in liaison with other agencies within and outside the Polytechnic in order to do this.

Ideally applicants should hold the Diploma in Social Work or an *equivalent qualification, and/or have had several years' experience* dealing with young adults (preferably in an educational context).

Further information and application forms are available from The Personnel Office, NELP 109 The Grove, Stratford, London E15 1EN (Telephone 01-555 0811 Ext 32). Please quote reference number A174/76.

Closing date: 31 May 1976.

NELP North East London Polytechnic

SCHOOLS COUNCIL

Schools Council Publications Section has a second vacancy (one already advertised) for a

PROJECT EDITOR

to work with curriculum development projects and publishers. *Applications are invited from candidates with experience of one* or more of the following: educational publishing, book production, audio-visual production (films, videotapes, etc.).

Salary on scale £2,555 (age 25) rising to £3,670. London weighting (£465) and pay supplement (£313) in addition. Applicants over age 25 may enter the scale at a higher point depending on age and experience.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from Mr A. Marshall, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351. Closing date for receipt of applications is Friday 11 June 1976.

GENERAL ADMINISTRATOR FOR ARTS ORGANISATION
ART SERVICES GRANTS
RE-ADVERTISEMENT

A London-based organisation is looking for a General Administrator with financial and administrative training and experience, preferably in the arts, with overall responsibility for running the organisation's AIR & SPACE concerned with information to artists, the promotion of artists' work and the provision of artists' studios.

Salary £4,000 - £4,500 according to age and experience. Further details and application forms from The Chairman, ASG, 125-129 Shaftesbury Ave, WC2H 8AD.

Closing date 14 June.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK BRANCHES SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the post of full time Secretary of Magazine and Book branches at a starting annual salary of £4,430 with three annual increases and annual review.

Application forms which must be returned by 21 June may be had from the General Secretary, NUJ, Acorn House, 314 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP, Tel. 01-278 7916.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU – next week or as long as you like. Contented temps, Shorthand/audio/copy/clerical/switchboard. All skills well paid and well received throughout London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 01-836 6644.

THE TOWN & COUNTRY SCHOOL, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required Autumn Term or earlier. Part-time teacher to replace Geography teacher (Form teacher) who will be on leave from Spring Term 1977. Please apply in writing to Headmistress.

ASSISTANT EDITOR required to work on International reference books. Position would suit young language, history or economics graduate wishing to enter publishing, or similar graduate with 1 or 2 years' relevant experience. Interest in current affairs essential. Write in your own hand, giving details of age, education, experience and present salary to the Managing Editor, Europa Publications Ltd., 18 Bedford Square, London WC1.

SECRETARIAL/SHORTHAND or audio typist required in Editorial Department of small Bloomsbury Publishing office. General administrative duties will include some work with contracts and rights. Apply in writing stating present salary/salary required to Miss Jane Millican, The Scolar Press Ltd, 39 Gt Russell St, WC1.

ART GALLERY KENSINGTON, Secretary 30+. Ring 229 8156 (not Monday).

LITERARY AGENT urgently needs resourceful secretary/assistant. Small lively office with friendly atmosphere. Salary according to qualifications plus experience. Ring Deborah Rogers, 580 0604.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

FOR SECRETARIAL POSTS with a Social Service bias, Charities etc, why not contact Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, *London EC4. 01-353 7696.*

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now for the summer. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

CAMDEN TOWN SOLICITORS

require one or two audio-typists. We are a smallish firm adjacent to the tube.

Good typing, but no legal experience required. Excellent conditions and salary (£2,450+).

Please tel: 01-267 1288 ref I.P.K.

MEDICAL

Secretaries, shorthand/audio typists urgently required for permanent and temporary posts.

Apply:—

Medical and General Agency, 6 Paddington Street, W1. 935 4061/9426.

Appointments Wanted

FEMALE seeks interesting part-time work, approx. 12/15 hrs wkly. College trained, teaching experience, languages, typing, etc. Would prefer something related to art/literary world but all offers consid. Box 4035.

FLYING/DRIVING/TYPING, SOCIOLOGY postgrad. with research experience, seeks challenging work anywhere, from late Summer. Box 4119.

Holidays

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit. all comforts D. b. & b. £24 ea.p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog Trefriw LL27 0QA. Llanrwst 640566.

IRELAND: MAYO COTTAGE, well-equipped, sleeps 7, near lakes/sea. Available May/June £15 weekly. 01-789 7438.

COACH HOUSE in private parkland 20 miles north of Edinburgh. Sleeps 6. July, August, September. Tel. 0383 830336.

SCANDINAVIA. GREECE. Writer's small private camping parties. Scandinavia 4 wks, 26 June; Greece, 4 wks, 14 Aug. Food, cook tents. VW provided. 01-794 9848.

BE BOLD! BE DARING! Visit Albania or Cuba. Tour the Soviet Union, see the Thracians in Bulgaria, enjoy yourself in Yugoslavia, etc. Send 9p (state country), Alec Miller, Tedmans Travel Service, **ABTA,** 76 Westow St, London SE19. 01-653 8260.

KIRKDALE SCHOOL CAMPS for 7 to 16 year-olds. Good camping holidays, this year in Devon, Cornwall, Herefordshire. Phone 01-778 0149 evenings or weekends.

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Courses

Continued from page 698

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Vol. 91 No. 2357

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Entertainments

BACH. 24 MAY at 7.45 in the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Music for organ, harpsichord, flute and trumpet played by Gillian Weir, William Bennett and John Miller. Presented by the Park Lane Group.

Meetings

TIBET SOCIETY OF THE UK, 46 Belgrave Square, SW1. 01-235 3720. Open 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. Mon.-Thur., Sat. Callers welcome. Meetings on all aspects of Tibetan Buddhism, meditation, etc. Full details of facilities, crafts, etc. on request.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of two lectures will be given by Professor Robert Weimann (East Germany) in English as folows: Lecture I (25 May, 1976): 'The Concept of Tradition Reconsidered'; Lecture II (26 May, 1976): 'The Decline of the Elizabethan 'Scene individable'. Both Lectures will be given at 5.30 p.m., at King's College (Room 3B), Strand, London WC2. Admission free, without ticket, Academic Registrar.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Francis Deutch, of the NCCL, on Protecting Children from Social Workers. 7.30 p.m. 26 May. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection. All welcome.

AFRICA CENTRE: Talk on African Theatre Today by Martin Banham, Director, Workshop Theatre Leeds Univ. Also excerpts read from plays. Mon. 24 May 6.30 p.m. 38 King St, WC2.

'DO ANIMALS HAVE RIGHTS?': Harold J. Blackham. Sun. 23 May 11 a.m. Sunday Forum Sun. 23 May 3 p.m. 'The Rights and Wrongs of The Multinationals': A panel of speakers. Tuesday Discussion on theme 'Mind and Brain' Tues. 25 May 7 p.m. Debate: 'That Changing People is more Important than Changing Society'. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London WC1. 01-242 8032.

YOUNG MAPAM – MAPAM. The political situation in Israel and the relevance of Zionism today, to be discussed by Haim Borenstein (Mapam representative in Europe), at 8 p.m. sharp on Sun. 23 May at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6 (nearest Tube, Finchley Rd.).

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. Stuart Holland to speak Tues. 25 May 7.30 onwards, 11 Dartmouth St, London SW1. All welcome.

SOCIETY OF IMMIGRANT TEACHERS. Discussion/social evening. Q Club, 5A Praed St, W2. Wed. 26 May 8 p.m.

ENP. 22 May Carnival, Saxons v. Normans, sideshows, adm. free. 76 Lock Chase, SE3 3PM. 28 May, Public Mtg–Hansford-Miller, John Stonehouse. Walsall 7.30 p.m.

INTER-ACTION Community Arts Trust needs summer volunteers and full-time workers with practical skills for: Projects with unemployed school leavers; Fun-Art Farm and Riding School; Dogg's Troupe Shows; Community Video; Talacre Adventure Playground; Community Publishing. In-service training provided. Come to our open Evenings every Wednesday in May 7.30 p.m. 14 Talacre Road, NW5, for introduction to work of Inter-Action and demonstration of the Game Method. Further information: Wendy Buonaventura 01-267 1422.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 54 Holland Pk, W11. Sun. 23 May 5 p.m. Swami Bhavyananda, 'Questions and Answers'. Wed. meeting at 6.45 p.m. *All welcome. Vedanta magazine 40p.*

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 22 May, 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 25 May 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 26 May 6.30 p.m. - Public Lecture - 'Why Rebirth?' Anthony Haviland-Nye. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions. Sun. 23 May 8 p.m. Free. 'Duty - the River of Life'. S.a.e. for programme, book list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

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